Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities, by C.W. Griffin, Jr.

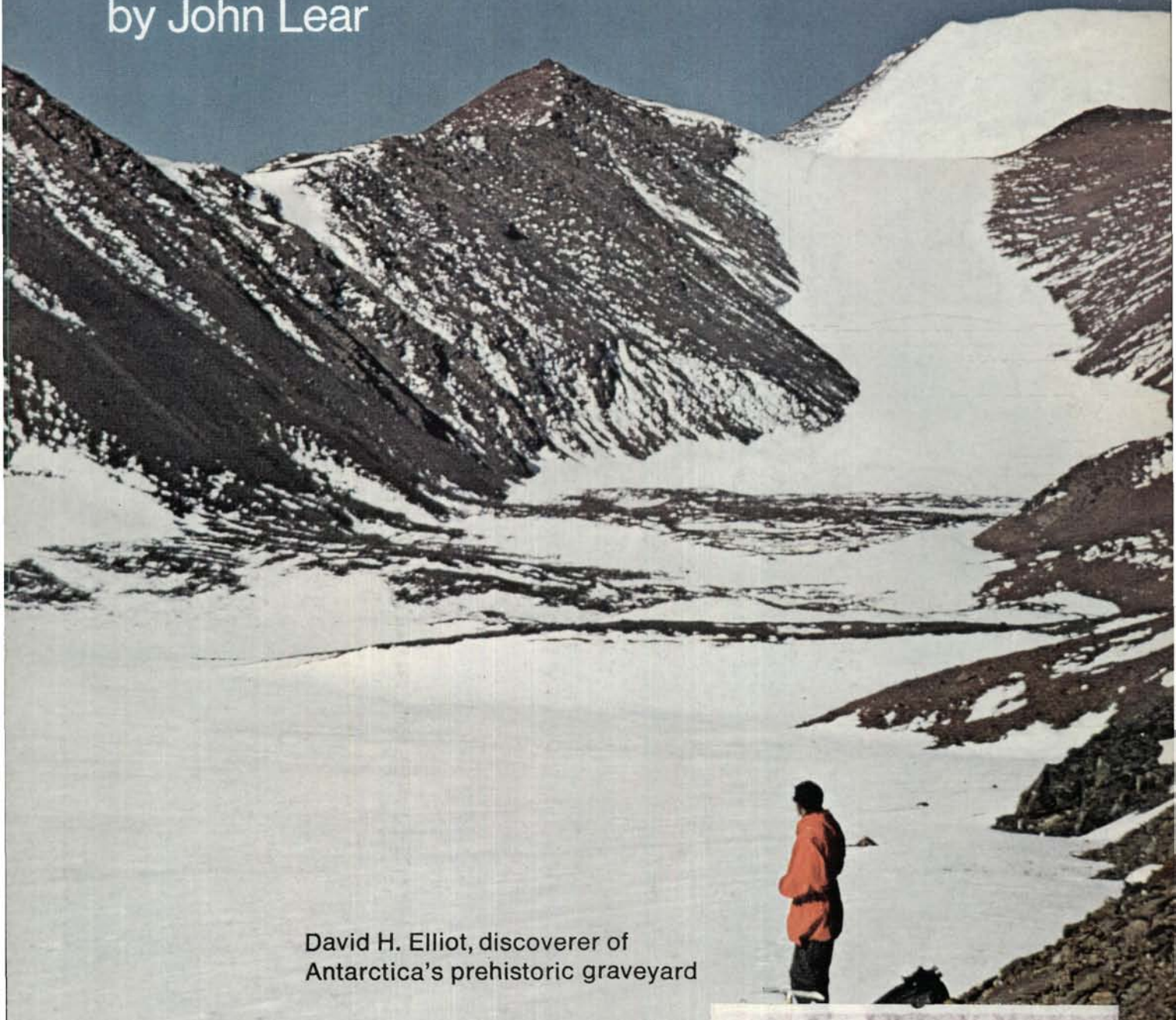
Saturday Review

February 7, 1970 50¢

THE BONES ON COALSACK BLUFF

A Story of Drifting Continents

by John Lear



David H. Elliot, discoverer of Antarctica's prehistoric graveyard

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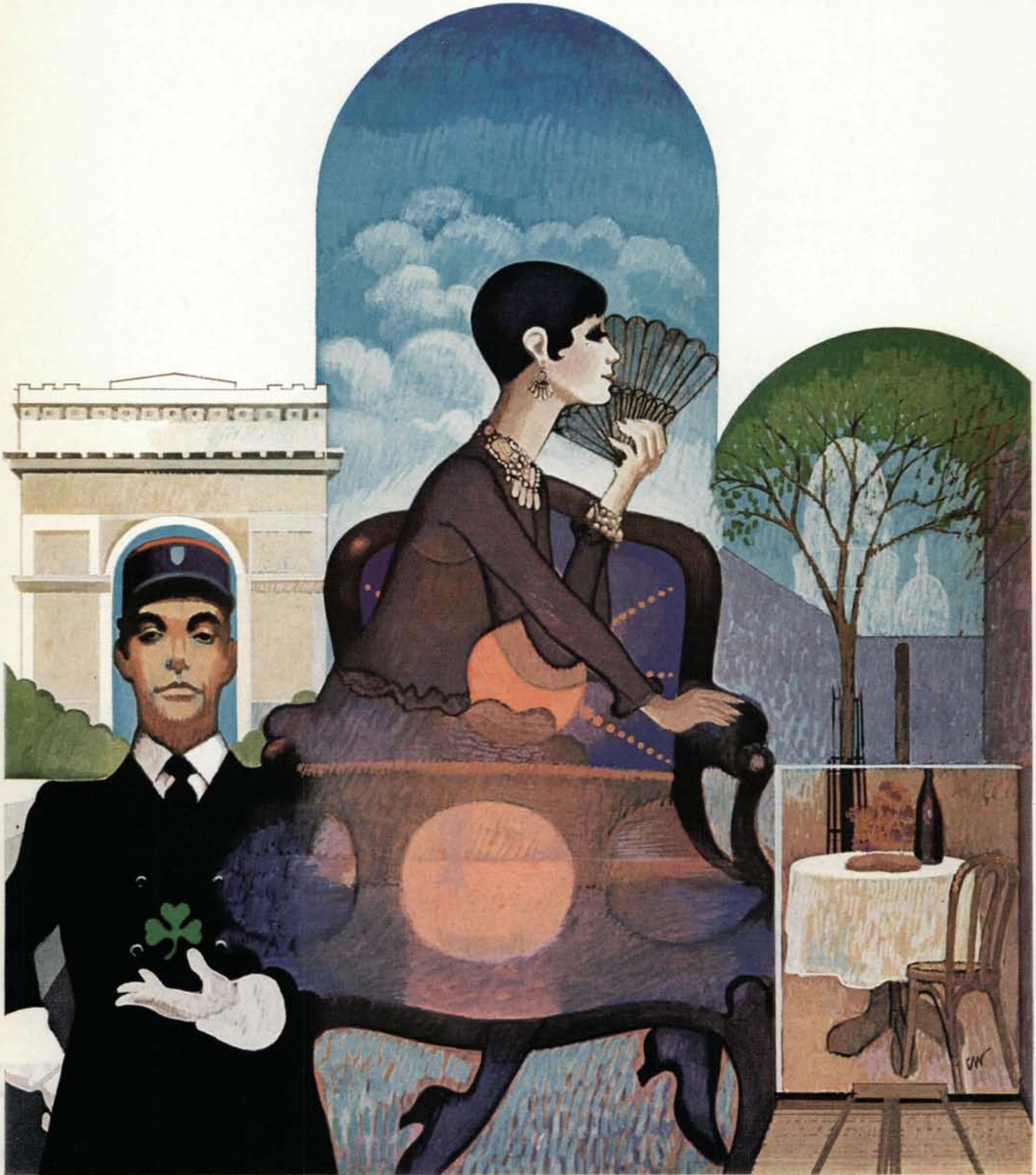

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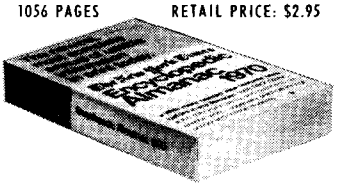

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Saturday Review

It is the tribal custom of the established writer to ask eventually that his publishers gather together his "short pieces" or essays. If the publisher agrees, the writer "reworks" them, and adds an all-inclusive, "umbrella" title. Miscellaneous pieces on science, for instance, might appear as *The Future of Man and Science.*

In the case of Bruce Catton, it was Doubleday, his publishers, who asked if we might put his short writings together. We agreed that there would be no reworking or "polishing" and no grandiose title. His collection, unintroduced by him or by any admiring, well-known friend, appears simply as PREFACES TO HISTORY.

And that is the case. These are articles he has written for historical journals and for his home base magazine, *American Heritage;* prefaces he has contributed to other writers' work; a few book review-essays; and a speech or two. In these thoughtful, reflective, quiet, always clear, frequently eloquent writings, he deals with his beloved Michigan, canoe making, baseball, the Civil and other wars, and with history itself. He reveals, without trumpets, his deep feelings about man's inhumanity but more often inanity toward his fellow man; his belief that war is, despite heroism and gallant men and women, the least romantic of man's activities; and his conviction that a sensitivity to emotion, to rage and pride and love, is as important to the understanding of history as the necessary grasp of hard facts.

I commend to you the shorter Catton. Like the longer one, he strides through our literature, helping us to retrieve a balance in our national identity by enabling us to understand who and what went before us.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The Bones on Coalsack Bluff: A Story of Drifting Continents

by John Lear

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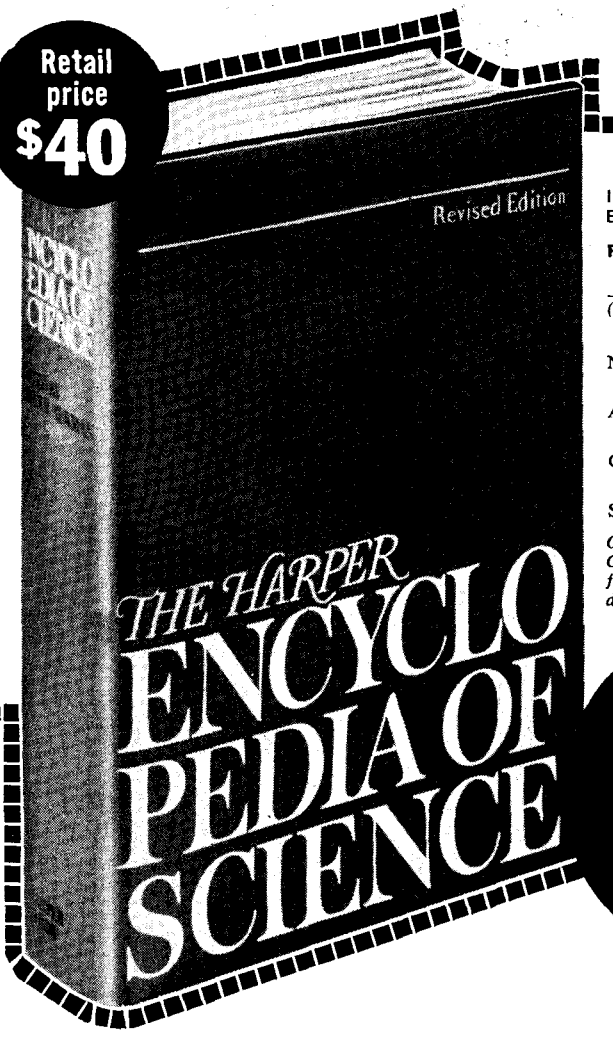

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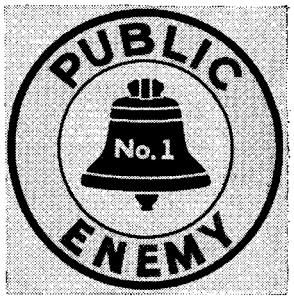

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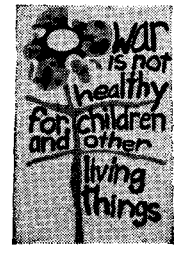

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Top of My Head

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Mission Possible

VICE PRESIDENT AGNEW, having concluded a successful golf tournament on the Asian continent, returns home with memories of garlands placed lovingly around his neck, and a bundle of newspaper clippings proclaiming the diplomatic skill he displayed in talks with the heads of the eleven nations he visited.

Of course, there was the usual one-sided snide comment by some effete reporters that the Vice President is no Arnold Palmer. They implied his score was astronomical. As usual, these instant analysts have missed the point. How more diplomatic can a man be than to let his Asian hosts beat him on every course? A high score in golf is a high score in diplomacy.

Besides, golf is a game of concentration. How can a man keep his head down and his eye on the ball, when he is on such a delicate mission? For one thing, there were all those moon rocks our President loaded him down with. Each set of priceless rocks in its own gift-wrapped package, to be presented correctly and with assurances of friendship between Asia and our country. It's difficult to concentrate on making a birdie with all those rocks in one's head.

Nevertheless, bearing gifts of moon rocks on this trip was a stroke of genius. It certainly solved the question of "what do you give to a head of state who already has everything?" No other country could have given such a present, and no potentate could have said, "Gee whiz, my wife gave me some of those for Christmas last year."

And yet, and I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, according to the hassle among our scientists, the discovery of these rocks leaves the origin of the moon as mysterious as ever. This is to be expected. From the days of Ptolemy and Copernicus, men of astrology have disagreed. So also now the scientists who read moon rocks are divided. Some say the rocks prove the moon to be 3.65 billion years old, others say 4.6 billion or 2.6 billion, and still another 3.5 billion.

Now, you may think this is splitting aeons—what does it matter, a billion or two years, one way or the other? Not to you or me. But it would if you were the head of an Asian state, showing off your moon rocks to some visiting head of another Asian state, and you said, "These moon rocks are 2.6 billion years old," and the other said, "I have some that are 4.6 billion years old." Undeclared wars have been started on less than that. And to which side do we commit ourselves to send soldiers to train civilians to become soldiers?

Making eleven nations in a fast twenty-four-day trip, it becomes a problem remembering which country you're in. This was no "This is Tuesday, so this must be Belgium" excursion.

After landing in, and taking off from, Thailand, Taiwan, Afghanistan, and Malaysia, it would be understandable if our Vice President momentarily forgot in which country he was.

It happened in Nepal, where he was meticulously explaining the Nixon doctrine before an assembly of dignitaries. It was an infinitesimal slip, noticed only by those who were listening.

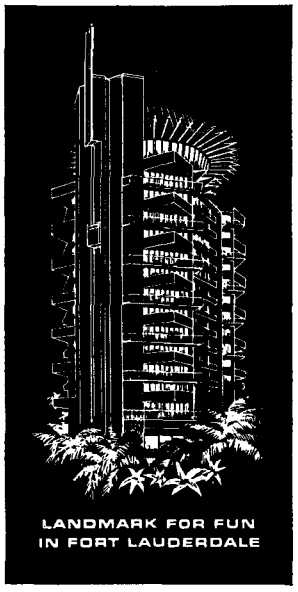
But leave it to one snobbish newspaper to make a big thing of it: "When he spoke of the great promise for the future of India," the reporter wrote, "our Ambassador leaned over and whispered 'Nepal.'" I'm sure his hosts accepted it in good grace. They realize that if you've seen one Asian country you've seen them all.

There's a funny story that covers this. I hope it's not too irreverent. It was told me by a man of the cloth. It concerns an old-time hack politician in a Midwest state. The old gentleman made it a point every election campaign to visit every county in his state.

To endear himself to the voters in each county, he would purposely mention the names of some of his local constituents. There were many names to remember; so before each speech he would write on the back of his necktie the names he planned to mention in each county. And by an innocent flip of his tie he could glance down and recite them.

"Well," he would say, "I am happy to visit here with my old friend [*flip of the tie*] Joe Thomson, and of course your distinguished mayor, [*flip*] John Gilmor." And so on.

One day he had to deliver a eulogy at the funeral of a departed politician. "Old Jim Wilson is gone," he said, "and my heartfelt sympathy goes to his lovely wife [*flip*] Nancy. And to his three small sons, [*flip*] Timmy, [*flip*] Tommy, [*flip*] and Teddy, a credit to the memory of their father, who now rests in the arms of our Savior, [*flip*] Jesus Christ."



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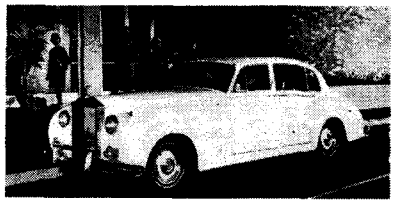

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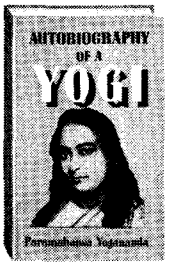

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  Red pills to fire the inner man,
Tan pills to save us from the vortex,
  Striped pills to save us from the tan.

All kinds of shapes and hues we get 'em in,
  Each kind designed for psychic balm;
Barbiturate, or else amphetamine:
  Keep mind awake, or kill insom.

Science, we hail the mod idea—
  Capsules to cure the spirit's ills;
Now, please, one final panacea:
  Something to cure us of our pills.

—FRED SAIDY.

Long-Winded Gentleman, with Apologies to the Long-Winded Lady

WE HAVE just been handed a communication from our correspondent, the long-winded gentleman. Here it is:

"Last night when I heard on my radio that it was raining lightly in Central Park I decided to see for myself what the weather was like in my part of town, Greenwich Village. I left my cozy apartment and started to walk across town on 8th Street. A fine drizzle was falling, but the street was jammed with people in colorful dress. It was hard to tell which sex preponderated and which outnumbered the other, males or females, if indeed either did. As it was difficult to distinguish the boys from the girls, especially as my glasses were fogged, I gave up trying.

"I was more interested in a dog that caught my eye on the far side of Fifth Avenue. There are many dogs in the Village, all manner of breeds of dogs, and usually they are out in the evening accompanied by an owner or a person, a young person most of the time, who walks the dog as a favor or for payment. Dogwalkers in the Village generally go to Washington Square or to one of the streets north of 8th Street—to 9th or 10th or 11th—because walking a dog on 8th Street presents difficulties that one does not encounter on other streets. What struck me about this dog was that it was alone. It had no leash as far as I could see, and I saw no one making even a token attempt to claim the animal, which certainly was enjoying its freedom, nuzzling passersby, gallumphing from curb to building, sniffing as dogs do, and sometimes uttering low whining sounds that could have been signs of anxiety or sheer canine joy.

"It was a male dog—after a few minutes of watching I was sure of that—and he was a rather dirty mongrel with bloodshot eyes and a raffish air which attracted me even as it repelled me there on 8th Street in the middle of that pressing throng with the garish lights from the garish storefronts throwing everything into eerie relief.

"The dog had moved away from the corner, and I followed him. I had no intention of keeping up with him and expected to lose him in the crowd, but he kept stopping to inspect parking meters and doorways, and I was able to keep him in sight even when he crossed the street and came back at a gentle lope that, in spite of his unrefined appearance, had in it certain elements of grace and a strange beauty. I thought once I had lost him, but he turned up suddenly, running from behind a parked car, and by the time I came to Sixth Avenue he was only a few feet from me. I crossed the street, glancing at Balducci's fruit stand, and walked up Greenwich Avenue. The dog had crossed the street and was now trotting ahead of me.

"Usually on such walks I study the menus in restaurant windows, peering inside to see who is eating, and taking note of such odd characters as drunks, tourists, and junkies. The dog now demanded my total attention. Traffic moved past us, but the dog ignored it. He crossed 10th Street and Charles and turned west at Perry. I followed. We both stopped for the traffic light at Seventh Avenue and at 4th Street turned north to 11th Street and walked west past Bleecker to Hudson. I thought surely he must tire of this senseless outing, but he showed no sign of fatigue or less interest in the numerous fire hydrants, traffic signs, and parking meters we passed.

"We went down Hudson to Charles and then turned east to Bleecker. The dog was now at my side as we pushed past the secondhand furniture stores. He was leading the way. He turned into Christopher and headed for Sheridan Square. I wondered in which direction he would go. The drizzle seemed to have stopped and there were more people in the streets than earlier and it was harder than ever to tell the boys from the girls. We walked east on Washington Place to Sixth Avenue and up Sixth to 8th Street, I still in the wake of my new friend.

"Every now and then he gave a small

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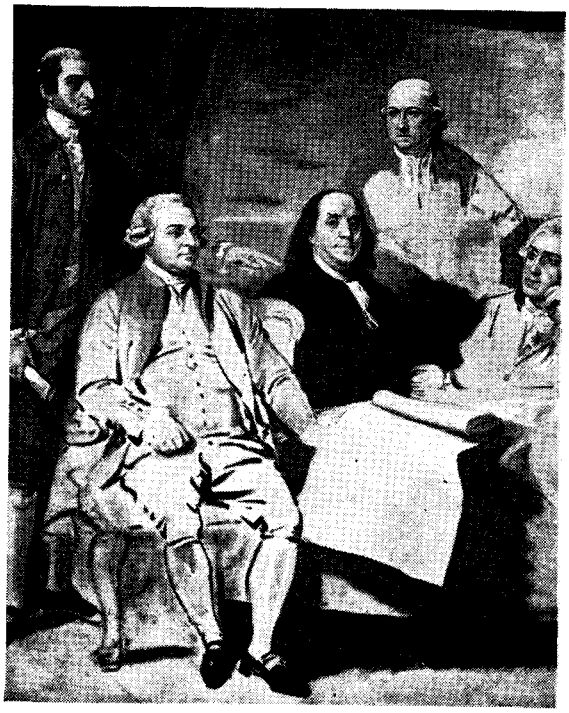

The history of America isn't all founding fathers

It's also showgirls and songs, fairs and fools, riots and revels
THE LIFE PICTURE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
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You'll learn that Columbus insisted, to his dying day, that he had *not* discovered a New World...

...that the colony at Jamestown owed its success as much to "sotweed" (tobacco) as to John Smith and Pocahontas...

...that many of our earliest settlers came over from Europe as convicted murderers and highway robbers.

And in later volumes, if you choose to receive them, you'll read the little-known "inside" story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. (The one casualty of violence occurred when Lewis was shot in the rear of his leather breeches by a scout who mistook him for an animal.)

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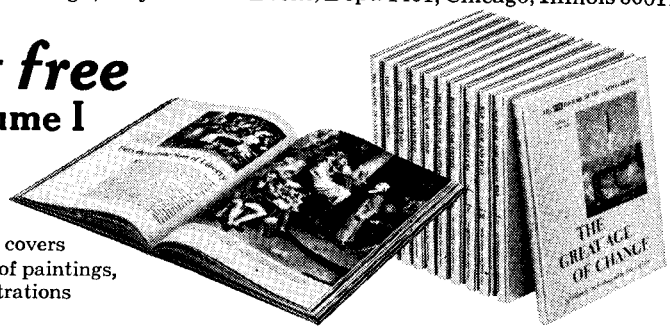
Find out free
Examine Volume I for 10 days

- Actual size: 8½" x 11"
- Hardbound in durable covers
- 176 pages with scores of paintings, photos and other illustrations (60 pages in full color)



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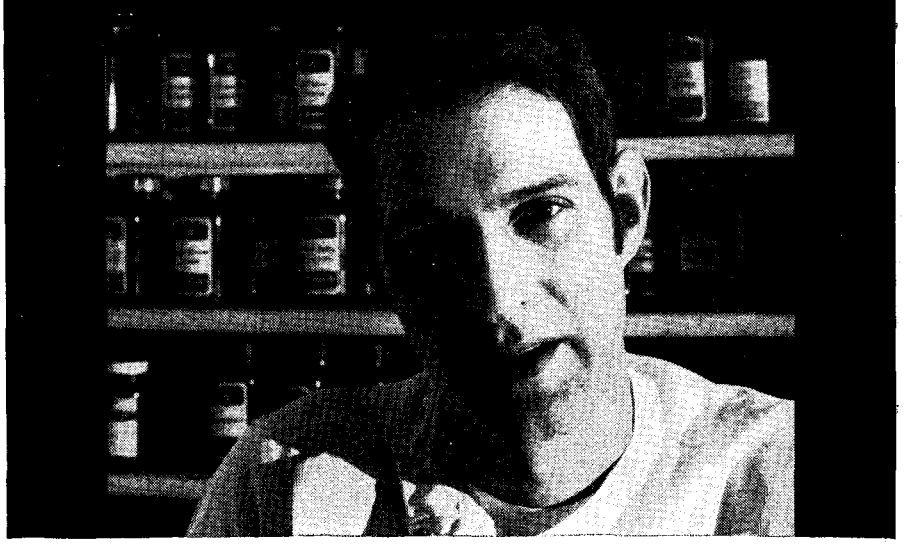
"If you think all drugs are created equal... ask your pharmacist."



A pharmacist speaks candidly about his role in the dispensing of medicines.

I work with medicines every day and with the doctors who prescribe them. Over the years, I've been constantly aware that there are real differences in drug products and their effects on patients . . . even those products which have the same chemical composition. Research has shown that a drug's effectiveness can be influenced by a number of factors, including its solubility, particle size, crystal form, tablet compression, and age. Your doctor and I know from experience how certain medicines work; that's why he prescribes and I dispense quality products with which we are familiar. And that's why I am a firm believer in using brand name products or quality generics from reliable manufacturers . . . companies whose performance you can depend on.

Time and again it's been proved that a drug product containing the same active ingredients made by several companies will have markedly different effects in human subjects. With the potent and potentially dangerous drugs of today, I say put your trust in the doctor and pharmacist to provide the medicine that's best for your particular needs.

Personally, I would never settle for less.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

happy yelp. We came to MacDougall Street, and I thought he was going to make a dash south to the Square, but when he had gone about twenty feet he turned back and went on to Fifth Avenue. There he stopped, and since he showed no inclination to move on I watched him for a while. He was back to his old tricks, nuzzling passersby, running from curb to building, making low sounds in his throat of anxiety or happiness. I wondered where he lived and what had brought him to this sad stage of his life, and after a while I went home. It had been quite an adventure." —JOHN FERRIS.

Caesar Blew It

HAVE YOU ever, even once, read a historical novel of early England that did not contain an elaborate description of Picts painting themselves blue? So isn't it gospel?

Sorry. This enchanting myth, self-consciously trotted out to lend authenticity by writers from Ovid to next year's literary lion, resulted from the misinterpretation of one word and the faulty Latin logic that inspired Caesar (who spoke with all the authoritative finality of the average tourist) to issue his imperious statement that all Britons stained themselves blue with woad.

That would do it, all right, woad being a dye-producing plant. (He obviously meant the genus *Isatis tinctoria* —*Genista tinctoria* would turn them yellow.)

The people Julius met weren't Picts at all (not *the* Picts, whom the Venerable Bede called Redshanks [we mustn't let that distract us; the same name applies also to certain birds and geraniums]); they were Canti.

And terribly unsporting. Caesar never forgave them for attacking his men while they were busy entrenching the camp (a Roman soldier either fought or dug ditches—not both—and the enemy was expected to observe this rule). He was utterly exasperated when he discovered the Britons had booby-trapped the Thames at Brentford with sharp stakes, under the direction of Cassivellaunus, head man in Kent and great-grandfather of Cymbeline. (Odd, Shakespeare not mentioning the title role required blue skin. . . .)

Southern England contains vast deposits of blue clay. Think now. You're a native. You've been pile-driving all day (and doing a good job; the stakes are still there). You're bushed—and covered with blue mud. Caesar collars you and demands to know what kind of people you are, anyway, and you gasp out, in the past tense of a quaint olde Englishe word meaning to breathe heavily from exertion, "I'm peched!"

—E. V. GIRAND.

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Going Concern

PERHAPS my fellow Americans will feel happier about postal service at home when I tell them that the English, always reputed to have the world's best, now are complaining about their own.

The situation is awful. The former four deliveries of mail per day have been reduced to three, and it's definitely not jolly for the Englishman to bear. It doesn't matter how complacent he is about queueing up for a bus, he is not taking lightly what he has considered an inalienable right. The postman used to show up twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon, and why the devil can't he continue his appointed rounds as they were?

That's not the only serious matter. Postage rates have been increased. If you mail a letter first thing in the morning, and expect it to be delivered the same afternoon, well, for heaven's sake, you now are obligated to buy a 5-penny stamp. If you are willing to settle for delivery the day following, a mere 4-penny stamp will do; and it's just this kind of rising cost that has enabled the Post Office here to operate at a *profit*. Who ever heard of a government department making a profit? Who *wants* it? And it was all very well for the Post Office publicly to thank its customers for cooperation in sending Christmas cards early—like Russian performers applauding the audience, as one correspondent observed—but "why can't our postmen wear scarlet coats and pipe-clayed crossbelts to mark them out as Queen's messengers engaged on royal business?" If the Royal Mail vans and street boxes can be painted red, as they are, why eliminate colorful uniforms? Try to answer *that*.

You can see, the English have their problems.

It was about the middle of the nineteenth century when Anthony Trollope, an employee of the postal service at the same time he turned out many of his novels, originated the idea that pillar letter boxes should be established on public streets for the convenience of citizens. He actually was responsible for the erection of the very first. Well, sirs, if that sort of advanced thinking took place some 125 years ago, why can't we have some of it now? Why should it take two whole days for the parcel post to make a delivery in 1970? What's going on around here, anyway, when a chap has to pay 72 pence to ship a ten-pound parcel? Of course, the annual *Post Office Guide* is filled with every conceivable kind of information, the like of which no other government provides; but it contains only 630 pages, plus a supplement of 146 pages. So why should we have to pay 30 pence for it? Then, in 1968, the Union of Post Office Workers withdrew its members from duty for one- and two-hour periods on *four* days as a demonstration of dissatisfaction with the progress of pay negotiations; and in 1969 there was a strike that lasted for a *whole* day! Now there's talk of a one-day strike in 1970. How *dare* they! Don't they start at $15.60 a week with the chance, ultimately, of getting up to $43.62?

It costs nothing at all to send through the mails anything that is indispensable to the blind; what you do, simply, is indicate the contents of your parcel. And anybody who chooses may address a letter or petition to Her Majesty the Queen, and send it post free. After all, deprive an Englishman of his right to petition and he'll shunt you right over to the British Museum and show you documents on parchment that give him this right, and they are more than a thousand years old. Look what happened to that fellow John—in 1215, wasn't it?—with Magna Charta or something. There are things that just can't be done here, and let's not kid ourselves. Like making a fellow pay extra for stamps that come out of a machine. That wouldn't be nice; it would not be cricket. And who but an

American would think of putting his return address on an envelope? The mail's going to get there, isn't it? How can you be so silly as to suppose it won't? It certainly isn't likely, anyway, that anything is going to be stolen. There are 439,764 employees under the direction of Mr. John Stonehouse, Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, and among them last year, with all that money and stuff at hand, there was a total of 563 cases of theft or fraud. Dis-

Europe on 35 miles per gallon.

If you see Europe in the 35 mile per gallon Renault 10, or the 30 mile per gallon Renault 16, you'll have more money to see Europe with.

And the savings start even before the first tankful of gas. You can buy a U.S. specification Renault 10 for only $1384, the Renault 16 for $1860.

We'll arrange delivery almost anywhere in Europe. And when you're ready to send it home, we'll pay $75 towards shipping costs.

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honesty of something like one-tenth of 1 per cent—*there's* a crime rate, J. Edgar Hoover.

Once in a while the postal service can be *stuffy*. Recently I sent a letter to a friend in New York. From the authorities here I received a post card. It said, "You did not affix sufficient postage. Knowing you would be embarrassed to have the recipient pay, we have forwarded your letter but ask you to attach the necessary extra stamp in the space below and return the card, post free, to this office. Thank you." How's that for sheer gall!

John Stonehouse, the Minister, is young, tall, handsome, alert, agreeable, and nobody is going to stop him from making things even better than they are. In addition to the postal service, he is responsible for all telegraph operations. If you want a telephone, his office authorizes it. If you want to own a television set, the license must come from his office. If you want to pay bills through what is called the National Giro Service, Mr. Stonehouse is in charge. He is also in charge of granting licenses for automobiles and dogs and hunting, and issues all the tax stamps, and God knows what else. It's all part of a *public* corporation, meaning that all the shares are owned by the government. The damned thing, as I said in the beginning, comes out making money. Must make an American Postmaster General chortle to see how silly the English are.

Two important items I have so far forgotten to mention. The stamp designs are infinitely superior to ours. And the stickum on the stamps really *sticks*.

WIT TWISTER #150

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Most gifted _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
of that muse touched throng,

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and the
bards of ancient Troy,

Your artistry lent each time-hallowed song

Some _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
poignancy or keener joy.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 39)

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Sign of the Times was sent to us by Wilbur Zelinsky, of the Department of Geography, College of Earth and Mineral Sciences, Pennsylvania State University. He noted it in a classified ad in the Centre *Daily Times*:

AN APOLOGY to an already over-populated society for our third, and final, child. The Cornwells, Port Matilda Rd., Pa.

"Does it," Mr. Zelinsky asks, "signify the end of an epoch?" We don't know, but, in any case, we sure think it beats reading about all the trouble over the Pill. Our Sign No. 2 came from Margaret Jardine, of Shirley, Massachusetts, who noted it in a house in nearby West Townsend. FOR SALE, the sign said, ANTIQUES OLD AND NEW. There's nothing, we've always said, like a slightly used or like-new antique.

We also liked our Advertisement of the Fortnight, which was found by Lois Conn, of Bethesda, Maryland, in the Washington *Evening Star*. It concerned an instant cocktail mix and declared:

> Choose Tom Collins, Daiquiri, Mai Tai or Whishy Sour

"Sounds like," she writes, "the copywriter took his own advice." Meanwhile, the typos kept coming in. Mrs. Peter Woodruff, of Irvine, California, sent our favorite, from the story in the Palo Alto *Times* about a how-to booklet prepared by cosmetic expert Estée Lauder:

> Look "with it" but not way out. Find a hemline that flatters the legs but permits one to feel a tease when sitting.

Another was located by Mrs. W. P. Hoffman, of Los Altos, who found it in the Los Angeles *Times*'s report of California's new relaxed divorce law:

> The new law does away with former grounds for divorce such as mental cruelty, adultery, willful neglect, habitual intemperance and conviction of a felony. Only incurable sanity is retained.

Then, too, a half-dozen readers sent in a classified ad in *The New York Times*, the first two being Estelle Goodman, from Flushing, New York, and Dr. Eli Grad, all the way from Toronto. In any case, the ad read as follows:

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP, NEW JERSEY Large suburban community in the Princeton, Trenton area. Position available for:

SPECIAL EDUCATION
EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED TEACHER

As if this weren't enough on the education front, Rosemary Baker, of Wichita, Kansas, sent us our Letter of the Fortnight under the title "The Right-Wingers Warned Us":

> In Wichita, Kansas, an eighth-grade teacher asked her pupils to write letters to Santa Claus. Admittedly no thirteen-year-old any longer believes the ho-ho-hokum, but what if it were really so and one would get what he wanted? One precocious lad wrote succinctly, "Now that we have sex education in the schools, bring me a girl."

For ourselves, we liked best the report in the *Wall Street Journal* of the education lobby's effort to add $1.3-billion to the HEW budget:

> The education lobby has paid a price for its success by antagonizing some powerful Congressional figures, including at least one who has a strategic position in all school legislation. Democratic Rep. Edith Green of Oregon, chairman of the House Education Subcommittee, has deplored the rise of what she calls an "educational-industrial complex. . . ."

Gee, first we had the military-industrial complex and now we've got the educational-industrial complex. The way we see it, if only the militants in education would show slightly more industry, in no time at all we could have a really meaningful group—like, say, the complex complex. It was nice, though, to see the *Wall Street Journal* write a glowing editorial commending the President's first year in office. "Under President Nixon," the *Journal* concluded, "times have changed for the better." It sure was good to know. Sometimes, with Vietnam, Biafra, the Middle East, the Nixon Market, and the recession, it was hard to tell.

During the fortnight we had a talk with the master of the macabre himself, Alfred Hitchcock. "They make diet cola and diet tonics," he told us crossly, ordering a drink. "Why don't they make something useful like diet gin or diet vodka?" Mr. Hitchcock was on a tour advertising his latest film, *Topaz*, but he still took time out to make fun of television. In Toronto, on a program, he was even asked to introduce the

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commercial. "I am a large enough fellow," he said sternly, "but I shall presently be followed by something positively monstrous."

What, we asked him, was the difference between directing movies and directing television? "In the movies," Mr. Hitchcock told us, "you are lucky if, in a day's shooting, you can get a minute and a half of film you can use. In television, you *have* to get nine and a half minutes." Who, we asked, was his all-time favorite actress? "It depends," he said, "what age." For, we persisted, any age? "Bergman," he said.

Mr. Hitchcock has made four pictures with Jimmy Stewart and three with Cary Grant—yet his favorite, he told us, was Leo G. Carroll. "Because," he said quietly, "he does nothing well." He then asked us if we got it. We nodded, but he ignored our nod and told us the story of a script girl who, when Carroll came on understating a scene, turned to her director and asked him when the actor would do something. "He's doing it," Mr. Hitchcock told her, "right now."

Mr. Hitchcock has always had an almost uncontrollably impish side to his nature. Before his face was so well known, he loved, for example, to carry on games in elevators. Riding down once in a crowded one, he turned to his wife and declared, "You know she married four times, and it just so happened that she had a child by each one. Well, all four of the husbands happened to meet one day, and do you know what she said. . . . ?"

The last, of course, was perfectly timed to coincide with the arrival of the elevator at the ground floor—whereupon Mr. Hitchcock bowed politely and left the group.

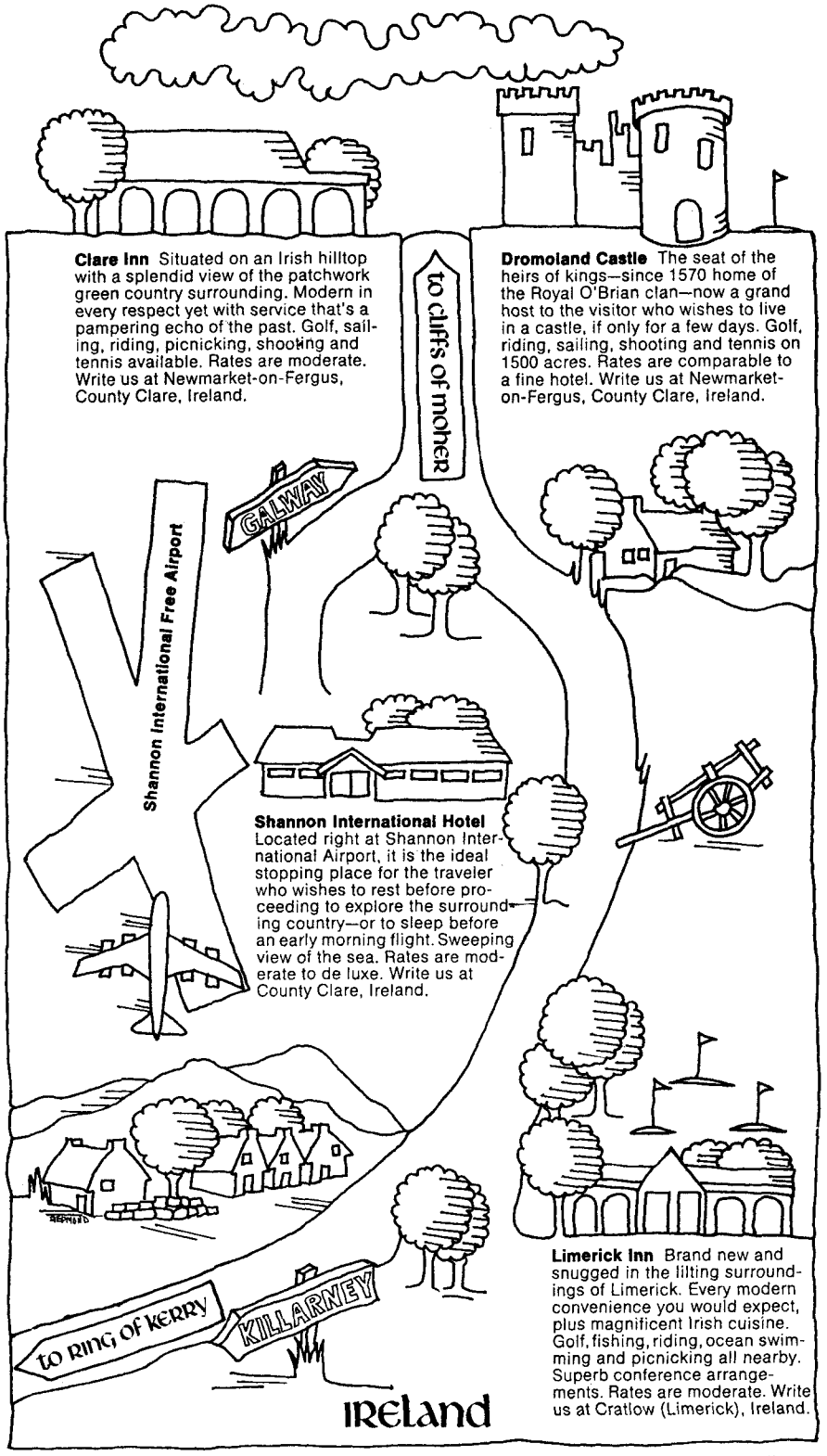
Mr. Hitchcock is also justly famous for his letters. One man complained that his wife had been afraid to take a bath or even a shower ever since she had seen Janet Leigh murdered in the bathtub in *Psycho*. Mr. Hitchcock's reply was brief. "Sir," he wrote, "have you considered sending your wife to the dry cleaner?"

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1869

STUART VAUGHAN:
(A) POSSIBLE THEATRE

The American audience is able to respond to the best in theatre art, graphic art, dance, and music which can be offered them. I believe the audience is educated enough to discriminate between the good and the bad. . . . The general audience is a worthy public, capable of responding to greatness.

If you're planning a stay in the Shannon area where do you plan to stay?


Clare Inn Situated on an Irish hilltop with a splendid view of the patchwork green country surrounding. Modern in every respect yet with service that's a pampering echo of the past. Golf, sailing, riding, picnicking, shooting and tennis available. Rates are moderate. Write us at Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland.
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Dromoland Castle The seat of the heirs of kings—since 1570 home of the Royal O'Brian clan—now a grand host to the visitor who wishes to live in a castle, if only for a few days. Golf, riding, sailing, shooting and tennis on 1500 acres. Rates are comparable to a fine hotel. Write us at Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare, Ireland.
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Shannon International Free Airport
Shannon International Hotel Located right at Shannon International Airport, it is the ideal stopping place for the traveler who wishes to rest before proceeding to explore the surrounding country—or to sleep before an early morning flight. Sweeping view of the sea. Rates are moderate to de luxe. Write us at County Clare, Ireland.
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Limerick Inn Brand new and snugged in the lilting surroundings of Limerick. Every modern convenience you would expect, plus magnificent Irish cuisine. Golf, fishing, riding, ocean swimming and picnicking all nearby. Superb conference arrangements. Rates are moderate. Write us at Cratlow (Limerick), Ireland.

Now, even if you weren't planning a stay near Shannon, perhaps you will change your mind. Will you not? For more information write the hotel of your choice or contact Robert F. Warner, Dept. SR-4 630 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10019, or your travel agent.

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Oxford University Press

Beethoven
THE LAST DECADE, 1817-1827
Martin Cooper

The author gives a detailed account of the last decade of Beethoven's life, a supremely important yet paradoxical period—the "third period" when Beethoven wrote the last piano works, the late quartets, the Ninth Symphony, and the Missa Solemnis. The book is in two parts: the first is biographical, the second an analytical account of the music. There is an appendix by a physician on the nature of Beethoven's illnesses. $12.75

The Barb of Time
ON THE UNITY OF EZRA POUND'S *CANTOS*
Daniel D. Pearlman

"A decisive breakthrough in our understanding of this poet, and in the future we shall all have to read the *Cantos* more admiringly and with more confidence in the consistent purpose of their author."—Donald Davie, Stanford University. "The book seems to me a valuable one with many fresh insights."
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ANTI-ABOLITION MOBS IN JACKSONIAN AMERICA
Leonard L. Richards

"A model of the best tendencies in modern historical scholarship: he asks imaginative and penetrating questions; he has done an exhaustive job of research.... A splendid book which is at once informative and fascinating...a work of major importance."
—David Brion Davis, Yale University. $6.50

D. H. Lawrence and the New World
David Cavitch

"Splendid...Mature, cool, controlled, often brilliantly incisive in its critical intuitions, the book as a whole is perhaps the most completely honest confrontation with the essential Lawrence that we yet have and certainly one of the most instructive....A major achievement."—Mark Schorer, University of California, Berkeley. $6.00

Back to Nature
THE ARCADIAN MYTH IN URBAN AMERICA
Peter J. Schmitt

"With gentle irony of tone and playfulness of style to relieve his fairly fact-crammed account, Professor Schmitt traces the rise of gentleman sportsmen, wildlife photographers...wilderness novelists, bird watchers... A well-executed examination of a perennial theme in a specific context."—*Kirkus Reviews*. "A graceful treatment of a minor but interesting chapter in American social and cultural history." – Max Lerner. *(Urban Life in America series.)* $6.50

A Little Commonwealth
FAMILY LIFE IN PLYMOUTH COLONY
John Demos

"Professor Demos, armed with research on written records, the 'quantitative' methods of social science... mounts a cautious investigation of family life among the first two generations of *Mayflower* Pilgrims that is pleasant to read and provocative in its...insights into the role of the family in societal development."
—*Kirkus Reviews*. $6.75

The Protracted Game
A *WEI-CH'I* INTERPRETATION OF MAOIST REVOLUTIONARY STRATEGY
Scott A. Boorman

"If Westerners think of warfare in terms of chess, Mao's forces follow the tactics of the game of *wei-ch'i* (known to the Japanese and the West as *go*), emphasizing territorial control rather than battles and captives. Mr. Boorman's unusual book proposes a fundamental revision in Western views of Asian communist strategy. *14 maps, 22 diagrams.* $7.50

The Colonial Heritage of Latin America
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Saturday Review
February 7, 1970

Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities

—*Jack Launois (Black Star).*

by C. W. GRIFFIN, Jr.

Several years ago, in a magazine article ominously entitled "Is Your Right to Drive in Danger?" former Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges denounced the mass-transit boosters who want frontier Americans to stop driving their motorized steeds to work and ride the stagecoach with the dudes. "Fuzzy-minded theorists" reacting to spreading traffic jams, warned Mr. Hodges, have proposed imposition of rush-hour tolls to reduce traffic volume on major urban highways and a cutback in the urban freeway-building program. Such proposals, he said, threaten "our right to come and go as we please . . . a heritage from frontier days."

Nostalgia for frontier freedoms is manifest in almost every facet of American life—from the popularity of Wild West paperbacks, screenplays, and television shows to the economic "rugged individualism" extolled by businessmen living off cost-plus government contracts. The vicarious reliving of frontier days is both psychological escape and protest against the increasing frictions and collisions accompanying urban growth.

Many public issues reveal the depth of the pioneer strain. Obscured by campus protests and civil rights battles, less dramatic struggles to retain pioneer freedoms vent the irritations of urban Americans. In 1963, the citizens of Phoenix, Arizona, repealed a "socialistic" housing code that required slum landlords to provide toilets, running water, and other decadent luxuries for tenants. Blissfully oblivious of their downstream neighbors, the citizens of frontier-fabled St. Joseph, Missouri, fought for the right to discharge raw sewage into the Missouri River. After voting down two sewage-treatment bond issues, they abandoned their struggle only after the federal government instituted court action against their city. In June 1955, against the orders of the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control District, citizens fought to retain their forefathers' right to burn trash in backyard incinerators rather than accept the imposition of a municipal trash collection system. The exercise of this right released some 500 tons of contaminants into Los Angeles's smog-polluted atmosphere every day. But that fact meant little compared with the historic freedom to burn trash.

Even more passionate in defending frontier freedoms are the gun buffs

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C. W. GRIFFIN, JR., is an engineer and professional planner. The above article is adapted from his book *Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities*, to be published by Pitman Publishing Corp.

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parroting the propaganda of the National Rifle Association and others who profit from gun traffic. At the primitive level of frontier civilization, vigilantism and widespread gun ownership were perhaps a partially rational adaptation to that lawless society. But today, in the tension-filled, crowded cities of modern America, resurgence of the gun mentality is a dangerous, infantile regression. Atavistic frontier outposts, such as Dallas, produce proportionately 100 to 200 times as many gun killings as civilized, gun-controlled nations such as Great Britain.

Instancing frontier freedoms in a less lethal but more visible way, the trash-littered streets of American cities immediately differentiate them from European cities. This still potent American talent for fouling the urban environment is merely a pallid vestige of the frontiersmen's talent. Everett Dick's book *The Sodhouse Frontier: 1854-1890* depicts the stark historical facts. In Wichita, Kansas, a typical frontier town, the ground at the hitching post was a stinking, fly-infested cesspool. Superimposed on this heady odor was the stench of outhouses, pigpens, and garbage tossed into the street or left at the doorstep by these pristine rugged individualists. The artfully blended aroma inspired the Wichita *Eagle*'s fastidious editor, a nineteenth-century precursor of the "fuzzy-minded theorists and wild-eyed planners" denounced by latter-day frontiersmen, to advocate controls that must have seemed socialistic: "heavy fines should be imposed on those who will throw slops, old meats, and decaying vegetable matter at their doors or on the street."

The price paid for these filthy freedoms only began with the stench. Spread by disease-bearing flies that fed on the filth of outhouses and streets, typhoid epidemics sometimes swept through entire towns. Cholera, smallpox, and diphtheria were also epidemic. Primitive frontier technology made adequate sanitation difficult, and frontier medicine was just this side of witchcraft. But the mentally muscle-bound individualism of the frontier, with its contempt for public sanitation, extorted a graver price than was necessary. Even the almost instinctively visualized picture of vigorous, ruddy-faced pioneers was largely a myth. Disembarking from trains arriving in these frontier towns, visiting Easterners were often struck by the natives' sallow complexions, a consequence of the prairie's most common disease, the ague.

Town-building in frontier America often entailed an incredibly crude combination of greed and chicanery. Federal policy encouraged the mischievous work of land speculators (as it still does in subtler ways). To qualify for purchase of a 160-acre quarter section at a bargain price, a frontier land preemptor merely had to produce a witness to swear that the land was cultivated and improved with a "habitable dwelling" twelve feet square in plan. Among the ruses used to circumvent the law was a house on wheels (the archetypal trailer), rented for $5 a day and moved from claim to claim. Another was a house erected by railroad agents at the intersection of four lots, with one corner in each of the four 160-acre plots.

Railroad towns exhibited the "impatience, the speculative greed, and the lack of taste which characterized the founders," according to planner John W. Reps. Existing towns, hoping to become important cities, fought fiercely for the railroads' favor. But the railroads sometimes by-passed towns that refused to pay the required tribute and built their own. Railroad town-building was often ludicrous. Seeking access to newly opened markets west of the Mississippi, some railroad towns literally moved as track construction proceeded westward. One such town moved westward to exploit the location of Cheyenne, Wyoming, terminal depot for a rail line. According to a witness, a train arrived laden with framehouse lumber, furniture, paling, old tents, and other paraphernalia. A train guard called out, "Gentlemen, here's Julesburg."

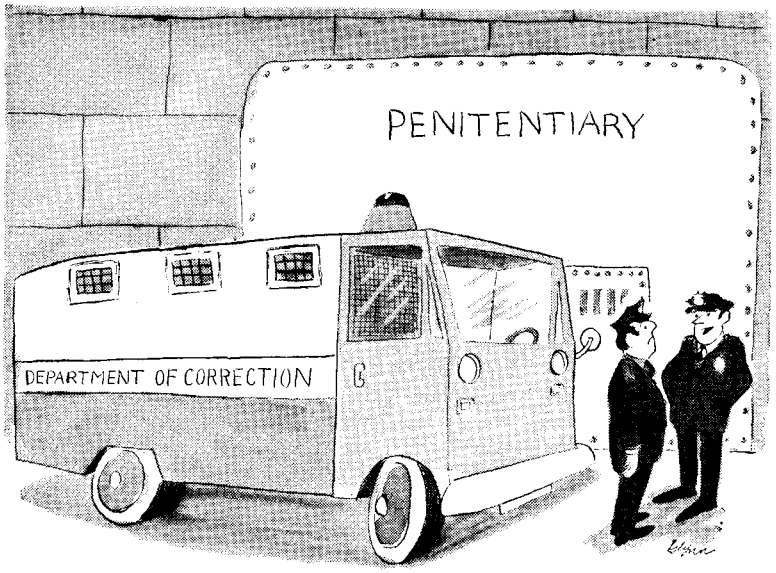
In a letter dated March 13, 1878, preserved by the State Historical Society of Colorado, a commentator on the impending move of a town on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, wrote: "Soon Garland will be a thing of the past, and only battered oyster cans, cast-off clothing, old shoes, and debris generally will mark the site of where once stood a flourishing city, with its hotels, its stores, its theater comique."

Even under the normal conditions of frontier town development, the transience of population worked against the cultivation of the civic spirit that inspires the stable populations of old European cities to preserve and enhance the beauty and amenity of their urban environment. Migration became a way of life for many Midwesterners. In his essay *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*, historian Frederick Jackson Turner tells of hundreds of men, less than fifty years old, who had resettled five or six times.

Capitalists instituted a civilizing process when they bought out the original settlers of small villages. Following traders, ranchers, miners, and farmers, this last wave of settlers transformed the frontier from villages of roughhewn loghouses to towns of respectable brick structures.

But the farmers' practice of depleting the soil and moving on to exhaust new virgin tracts of prairie land nourished the frontier attitude of anarchic, antisocial individualism. With El Dorado always beckoning from beyond the western horizon, the migrant frontiersmen cared little for their present surroundings. Their attitude survives in today's mobile Americans who have learned well their forefathers' lesson to value private goods higher than public goods.

What little justification was retained by the frontier ethic disappeared with the advent of the Industrial Revolution and the accelerated growth of American cities. The U.S. was not alone in



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creating hellish urban landscapes. The Coketowns of Dickens's day, with their soot-blackened buildings, crowded tenements, smoke-poisoned air, and foul, gray rivers, were models for their American counterparts. But America's frontier ethic, reinforcing the warped, utilitarian philosophy of the new industrialists, produced more uniformly desolate cities than those in Europe. The older European cities generally had a form and a tradition that resisted the depredations of the capitalists. But nineteenth-century Americans lacked the architectural splendors of Venice's Piazza San Marco or London's magnificent system of parks to inspire and educate them. They had no tradition of city planning or land-use control. And they were burdened with a city-hating intellectual history expressed most violently by Thomas Jefferson: "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government as sores do to the strength of the human body."

Flaunting the national contempt for urban values, we designed our cities as sensitively as barnyards. Riverfronts were sacrificed to factories, warehouses, and wharves, with no concession to the citizens' need for recreational park sites. Sprawling railroad yards blighted vast areas adjacent to the central business districts. Soot-belching engines chugged through the densest urban districts, in contrast to the European example of banning railroads from the urban core. In New York's most thickly settled slums, people were packed into six-story tenements at insect-scale densities unequaled in the Western world.

Yet, despite the tedious horror of these bleak monuments to greed, urban growth continued for decades without major breakdowns. White immigrants, sustained by the American dream, accepted their start in the urban slums. Successful urbanites, retreating before the advancing immigrants throughout most of our history, deserted the Commons in Boston, the Independence Hall area in Philadelphia, and Astor Place in New York. In Henry James's novel *Washington Square* (published in 1881), a character described the strategy: "At the end of three or four years we'll move. That's the way to live in New York. . . . Then you always get the last thing." Fueled by the immigrants' hope of upward economic mobility and the middle class's hope of outward physical mobility, the industrializing-urbanizing process kept going, despite the increasing frictions of accelerated growth.

Today, however, as hostility supplants hope in the central city ghettos, the old urbanizing mechanism threatens to break down. The earlier Italian, German, Irish, and Jewish newcomers never had to contend with the race prejudice that helps keep Negro migrants trapped in the ghettos. Like the earlier immigrants, urban Negroes occupy the lowest rung of the ladder to success. But for them the higher rungs have been sawed off, and the old American dream inspired by hope has yielded to escapist delusions inspired by dope.

Prosperous Americans' dreams of continual escape, if not shattered, are fading. Slums, with their accompanying crime and other social ills, are spreading outward through the old suburbs and even into newer ones, continuing the historic trend. Current housing policies offer no hope of eliminating the slum racket. It remains the last pure vestige of primitive nineteenth-century capitalism, subsidized by ludicrously generous federal depreciation formulas, archaic local tax-assessing policies, and slumlord-favoring condemnation pricing procedures. So long as they are profitable (and possibly even after they aren't), slums will endure. Unlike the more civilized European nations that have eradicated slums, the United States has no national commitment to do so.

The white retreat from the spreading blight, through suburbia and exurbia, can't continue indefinitely. The rising costs of land and public services and the ordeal of intra-urban transportation are curtailing the sprawling development that has spread recklessly over the countryside throughout the past two decades. The carving of white commuters' freeways through black neighborhoods is meeting stronger resistance. Decaying central cities, spreading traffic jams, smog, polluted water, and vanishing recreational space have become the norm. Intensive planning and control on a regional basis, a subjugation of anarchic individual and local prerogatives to overall community interests offer the only hope of creating a decent urban environment, or even halting the deterioration of our present environment.

The idea of planning and conservation hits American traditions broadside. The successive waves of pioneers and farmers who rolled westward across the continent were as oblivious to their impact as the breakers that crash on the beach, shift the sands, and bend the coastline. Less innocent but more destructive, the industrial pirates who followed the pioneers plundered the resources and fouled the natural beauty of this continent, often to the applause of Congress. Not until the timber raiders had left trails of blackened woods and stripped hillsides, demonstrating to all but the willfully blind that our resources were not inexhaustible, did Congress reluctantly enact conservation legislation.

The most zealous nineteenth-century preachers of the frontier ethic glorified timber thieves as public benefactors persecuted by an oppressive government. In a speech delivered in 1852 to the U.S. House of Representatives, Henry Hastings Sibley, delegate from the Wisconsin Territory, denounced the federal trespass laws as "a disgrace to the country and to the nineteenth century." In ringing phrases, Delegate Sibley extolled the virtuous victims of the law:

> Especially is he pursued with unrelenting severity, who has dared to break the silence of the primeval forest by the blows of the American ax. The hardy lumberman who has penetrated to the remotest wilds of the Northwest, to drag from their recesses the materials for building up towns and cities in the great valley of the Mississippi, has been particularly marked out as a victim. After enduring all the privations and subjecting himself to

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GROTOWSKI: An Unsettled American Theater Replies

by STUART W. LITTLE

Two months have gone by since Jerzy Grotowski and his Polish Laboratory Theatre performed three plays in an eight-week engagement in New York, but the theater community is still talking about the visit. The Grotowski ideas reverberate, the images of the actors are unshakably fixed in the mind, and one wonders what will be the residue and result of this extraordinary visit.

Certainly not since Stanislavski brought his Moscow Art Theater to the United States in 1923 has a foreign theater group had such impact here. Nor has so much interest been created by a theater that was actually seen by so few people. Next month at the Actors Studio Lee Strasberg will conduct a symposium on Grotowski for theater people and critics. Strasberg feels that, though the three productions presented here have been examined and re-examined, the basic theory Grotowski expounds has not been responded to. Grotowski himself is already planning a return visit—not to New York but to San Francisco and Los Angeles—possibly later this year if he goes to Tokyo for Expo '70, possibly in 1971.

The Polish Laboratory Theatre consisting of fewer than a dozen actors and their non performing leader, who was nevertheless present in the audience, a dark-suited, attentive watcher at every performance, arrived in New York in mid-October. Until its departure in mid-December it had given thirty-four scheduled and nine extra performances. The extra performances, which forced the cancellation of a West Coast trip this time, were to accommodate people who had bought tickets but had been turned away from oversubscribed performances. Grotowski had set rigid attendance limitations upon arrival, and he stuck to them even at the risk of rudeness. The number admitted—no admission to a theatrical performance has seemed so arcane or ritualistic—was dictated strictly by the special audience-actor-action spatial relationships worked out separately for each production. Thus, about ninety persons watched each performance of *The Constant Prince*, between 100 and 120 saw *Acropolis*, and about forty saw *Apocalypse*. The total audience for the whole engagement would scarcely have filled the Majestic Theater for the two performances on a matinee day of *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Grotowski stubbornly resisted pleas by his American sponsors to admit a broader audience, and he rejected all but the most serious opportunities to expound personally on his austere theories of theater—a "poor" theater stripped of such artifice as lighting effects, make-up, elaborate costumes, and sound effects, except those created by the actor himself — a theater, in short, reduced to the two essentials of actor and audience.

Grotowski's visit was sponsored jointly by Ninon Tallon Karlweis, Ellen Stewart of La Mama Theater, and the Brooklyn Academy of Music. They also sponsored four public lectures by Grotowski at the Academy. He answered, in French, questions put to him by drama reporters and editors at the November meeting of the Drama Desk. Privately, he visited the theaters that interested him, and those that expressed interest in him, and accepted the invitations of a necessarily restricted number of directors, producers, and acting teachers.

In spite of such limited contacts, Grotowski continues to be the chief topic of this theater season. (Only Katharine Hepburn in *Coco* has rated as high in discussion value.) American theater professionals will be a long time weighing his influence. What follows is a sampling of opinion on Grotowski's theater by six prominent American theater directors and theoreticians, each of whom was asked to give his personal reaction to the work and his assessment of the influence Grotowski may have on American theater and theater institutions.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

THE DEAN of the Yale School of Drama doubted the applicability of Grotowski, rooted as his theater is in religious fanaticism, to any of our theater. Brustein gave his reactions shortly after seeing the first production, *The Constant Prince*. He had previously seen *Acropolis* on television.

"First of all," said Brustein, "I admire his work extremely, but I think it's a dead end for us. Grotowski is enormously creative in his own work, but I doubt any serious or thoroughgoing application of his theories to American theater. Americans operate on the pleasure principle in their art whereas Grotowski operates on the anti-pleasure principle. His work is profoundly sadomasochistic, in the manner of an imitation of the Passion of Christ — flagellating and painful, both for actors and audiences.

"My admiration for his work is tempered by a feeling that it does not transcend itself. The form is so perfect that it seems to exclude content. It's like an exquisite frozen piece of sculpture moving in time but toward no discernible goal except its own perfection. I've never seen anything so cold in the theater in my life. I've never been so distanced by anything. But this is not to deny that it was clearly the creation of that rare thing—a genuine theater artist."

Brustein's particular misgivings were directed toward the attempts of any American theater group to emulate Grotowski. The danger, he said, lay in "picking up the form of it without the belief or the commitment."

"The demands of his theater," Brustein continued, "are beyond American acting ability. In order to work in his theater at all one would have to believe profoundly in some version of Catholicism. You cannot have ritual without religious belief. Work of this kind comes out of a genuine imitation of religious ceremony.

"American actors don't have the self-abnegation required in Grotowski's technique. To create this theater one has to believe in something greater than theater. What he is pursuing is not theatrical effect but the greater glory of God. Simply to function for the greater glory of the theater, as Americans do, will not result in this kind of discipline."

RICHARD SCHECHNER

SCHECHNER was among the first of the American theater directors to be influenced by Grotowski and in 1965 as editor of *The Drama Review* was the first to publish material on Grotowski in this country. Schechner met Grotowski when he came to New York in November 1967 to teach a seminar at New York University. In fact, Schechner's whole sudden rise to

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prominence as a theater director is tied in with the beginning awareness of the Polish director's work. "I was influenced especially by his psychophysical exercises," Schechner said. "They were an advance on exercises I was doing on my own." While Grotowski was in New York, Schechner started the Performance Group, his "environmental" theater which performed *Dionysus '68* in a converted garage on Wooster Street in a warehouse area of lower Manhattan and is now performing *Makbeth*, a collaged and rearranged version of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, in a rearranged environment in the same theater building.

Yet, Schechner feels, Grotowski's "extraordinarily unified performance" is not now in the direction his own work is going. "Grotowski sees life as a unitary experience. I see life with holes in it, like a net, with more chances. He sees life in terms of religious metaphors. I tend to see life in terms of political and social metaphors. What is extraordinarily important in his work is the sparseness of the set, the discipline of the performers, the depth of the performance, emotionally, physically, and mentally, and the unity of the *mise en scène*."

Schechner adds, "I am not a Grotowski-worshiper. I don't believe he is God. He is human. If you prick him he will bleed. I don't see humor in his work, whereas there is humor in mine. He looks for perfection that excludes mistakes. I look for perfection that includes mistakes."

ELLEN STEWART

After the theater critic Henry Popkin, the lady founder and director of La Mama was the first American theater person to visit Grotowski in Poland in 1965, and she was among the sponsors of the 1969 visit. Except for the Plexus Workshop conducted by Joel Zwick, with rigorous acting exercises borrowed from Grotowski, the La Mama troupes took their lead from director Tom O'Horgan (*Hair*) and are not directly influenced by Grotowski. Like others, Miss Stewart doubts the wisdom of American attempts to follow Grotowski. "Many people," she says, "are attempting to do something they don't at all understand. The technique Grotowski uses has its origin in the nature of the material and in his philosophy of theater. Grotowski would say theater is religion. Theaters that are not so based, that do not come out of the same ethnic background, cannot hope to achieve what Grotowski achieves. What results is only ersatz."

The good of Grotowski for American theater, Miss Stewart believes, lies in example. "We in this country don't have the same kind of artistic sponsorship they have. In ten years Grotowski's theater has put together only five or six productions. When foundations give to theater in this country they are more interested in quick results and they are not mindful of how they are attained. Grotowski shows us the results when a theater company is truly subsidized. That's where the good of Grotowski can come for us—in showing us the necessity of sponsoring the dedicated artist."

LEE STRASBERG

Grotowski's work nowhere seems more alien than in the context of the Actors Studio and when compared to the Studio's methods and acting technique. The Polish theater is a deliberate throwback to nineteenth-century romanticism. It stands opposed to the realistic tradition that stems from Stanislavski and reaches its American fulfillment in the teachings of Lee Strasberg. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Strasberg should express his own disquiet and puzzlement at the direction of Grotowski's work and influence. Religiously attending each production, he was puzzled, for example, at his own uninvolvement in a theater that desired to involve the audience, and he felt the acting itself had no relation to great acting as it has been known in the theater. Strasberg commented on Grotowski as follows:

"Everybody is impressed one way or another with his sincerity and with his intensity which, given the condition of our theater today, is unique. In his theater we see people who are willing to stay together and who are committed and people who seem to belong together on the stage and are not up there just answering cues.

"My reactions were mixed. It was a genuine theater experience, not simply another production, a show. I was intrigued with the theater experience to begin with. At the same time I was confused. I am very worried by the overemphasis on the physical dynamic which becomes external merely and is really like old-fashioned nineteenth-century acting full of grimaces and gestures. It goes back to Meyerhold.

"I am waiting to see what will develop. The work so far seems unclear as to its final purpose and result. It is very clear that what you're seeing is an intention, a program, a direction. But the direction also seems difficult to make out.

"Whatever the actors do is fully trained. The training helps to fulfill the actor's resources and make them much fuller, more vivid, more spontaneous, and more creative. But in their work, play and character tend to disappear, so to say, to become simply material for the creative actor. Play and character should not exist simply as material through which the actor can express himself.

"I wonder what the actor will be able to do with the Grotowski training. Will he be able to approach plays he otherwise never would have dared to approach? I asked Grotowski where it would lead him, what he planned for the future. He was vague in answering. He said he didn't know. He said it was the work of his company simply to explore."

JOSEPH PAPP

A brief argument flared up when Grotowski visited the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater and remarked that Papp's people had it easy in comparison with his. Papp responded, "On the contrary, Mr. Grotowski, you are the ones who have it easy. We would never be allowed to work so long on so few productions and then perform them for only a handful of people." In spite of this difference Papp was wholly admiring of Grotowski's accomplishments.

"I was absolutely overwhelmed by the *Acropolis*. It is a fantastic piece of work, both in its content and in its technique. I recognized that it was not simply one production but that it came out of years and years of work. As for us, we have to find ways of expressing our particular ideas. It was no accident that this work came out of Poland.

"One can't help but be inspired by him. There is such extraordinary attention to detail. It is a work of art and all of a piece. There are absolutely no loose ends. It is all there, complete on the stage even to a complete societal view of the human situation.

"It is a fully realized work of art, not merely commentary on the world but set into the world. And the work did not shatter you; instead, it insisted that you stay intact so that you could deal with it. Through this play you were looking at yourself in history.

"Grotowski's purposes are hard, and his terms are unforgiving. His theater came out of what happened in Europe. Grotowski's is not like so many of the other theaters today, some of which are imitative of him. In Grotowski's theater the individual retains his identity. There is close proximity between the audience and the actors but complete separation. The audience retains its identity and the actors retain theirs. Their two identities just brush.

"I have watched the imitators of Grotowski, and they are almost laughable. They are childish compared to Grotowski; one looks like a child, the other looks like an adult. But one influence Grotowski will have here is to give people heart that the theater is not simply a series of shows put on to be enjoyed or ignored but can be of extreme importance to the people."

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The Grisly Aftermath

The editors have just received word that Dr. Dieter Eichenlaub, who is affiliated with *SR*'s medical relief project in Biafra, is alive and safe. As was reported on this page two weeks ago, he and Dr. Davida Taylor, medical field director of the project, had shepherded 200 critically ill children from the headquarters of ABC (Aid to Biafran Children) at Emekuku to the beleaguered airport at Uli. The distance was almost forty miles; the roads were inundated by a human tide of refugees fleeing before the advancing armies.

At the airport Dr. Taylor and Dr. Eichenlaub were able, miraculously, to get twenty children onto a Joint Church Aid plane, despite a rain of bullets. Dr. Eichenlaub ordered Dr. Taylor to accompany the children.

Dr. Taylor is now back in the United States. The twenty children are at the special hospital for Biafran children at Libreville in Gabon, operated by Caritas, the German humanitarian organization. For two weeks nothing was known about Dr. Eichenlaub and the 180 children left behind at the Uli airport. Just as this issue went to press, however, the editors received a wire from the French Red Cross saying that Dr. Eichenlaub had safely been evacuated to Lagos. No news, though, about the 180 children or the nine Biafrans affiliated with the ABC staff, among them Dr. Aaron Ifekwunigwe, the leading Biafran pediatrician, and Henry Onwubiko, a twelve-year-old boy who wandered into ABC headquarters at Emekuku one day and adopted all the members of our staff.

Since her return from Africa, Dr. Taylor has made several trips to Washington, where she has met with White House officials, and has testified before a special Subcommittee on Refugees of the Senate Judiciary Committee. She has been able to convey first-hand information about the perilous condition of the refugees. As of January 25, there has been no news of any major food shipments being successfully distributed within the enclave. The airport best equipped to handle massive shipments of food has been barred by the Nigerian government from doing so, according to reports, because it was so closely identified symbolically with Biafran official policies. Dr. Taylor has cited authoritative studies showing that 30 per cent of the 3,500,000 people who were directly in the path of the war are suffering from nutritional edema. She has informed Washington authorities that the failure to get protein to them within a few weeks will result in more than a million deaths.

The Nigerian government has announced that no mass starvation is taking place in the Eastern Region. It has released the report of a British team that has provided a far more reassuring picture of conditions than that given by on-the-spot reporters, among them Anthony Lewis of *The New York Times*. Concerning the British report, it is necessary to point out that the British government, which supplied most of the bombs and weapons used against Biafra, has not been proved to be an impartial observer. An earlier British report declared that its official mission had found no evidence of air bombing of civilian targets. Several weeks after this report was released, the editor of *SR* witnessed several bombings of Biafran civilians. Our ABC project headquarters at Emekuku was heavily pockmarked by bomb fragments. Everywhere we looked, whether in the towns or the densely populated villages, the evidence of bombing and strafing was as profuse as it was harrowing.

The role of Great Britain in the Nigerian War is not one of the most glorious chapters in English history. When we were in Biafra and had to take shelter against the British-made bombs, we wondered about the British people themselves. It was not so long ago—only a generation—that the British people shuddered under a nightly Nazi hurricane of fire and dynamite. How could they have forgotten so soon what it was like to stand alone against relentless force and overwhelming odds? Did they have any realization, even though their own young aviators were not in the planes that loosed bombs on African villages and strafed the crowded roads, that Britain had a major role in carrying on the war?

What makes these questions all the more tragic is that no people in black Africa responded more fully to British influence and culture than the Biafrans. Nowhere in black Africa were Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley better known or loved. Nowhere in black Africa was there more respect for learning, more devotion to books, arts, and sciences. Is any amount of British-owned oil in Biafra worth all the destruction and starvation suffered by the Biafrans? Is all the oil in the world worth the disillusionment with Britain that is now locked into the memories and hearts of Biafran survivors and their children?

For the world community as a whole there are other questions no less prodding. The war is over. A million or more human beings are dying who can be saved. Is the life of a black infant worth any less than that of a pink-skinned child in London—or Washington? Would the Western world allow itself to be hobbled and paralyzed by legalities if mass starvation were taking place, say, in Scandinavia—even though one of the governments tried to block efforts to save the victims?

The question here is not whether we must shoot our way into the Eastern Region of Nigeria to provide food for the hungry. The issue—not just for Great Britain but for the United States and the rest of the world—is whether we are sufficiently moved by what is happening to express the kind of moral outrage that has changed history before and that can change it again. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Questioning Participation

RE: "Participation Is Learning" by Robert S. Powell, Jr. [*SR*, Jan. 10]. If the educational process is to be non-authoritative, non-directive, non-coercive, non-graded, and non-certified, why cannot the student as easily read voluminously, form discussion groups with friends, and educate himself? There seems to be an assumption that it is laziness, either physical or intellectual, that keeps me from being his model teacher; rather it is that I have misgivings as serious about his educational ideal as those that he has about mine.

I would really like to hear more discussion on what faculties should do than on what they should not, not for the sake of entrapping opponents into a defensive argument, but simply because I, as a faculty member, would like to know.

If I conduct a non-authoritative, non-directive discussion, I come to wonder why I was necessary to the process; if I intervene to raise the level of discussion, I am quite correctly charged with controlling it. One-to-one faculty-student discussions—the tutorial system—however desirable for the student, are a most expensive luxury.

Perhaps the ideal system would allow the student to contribute a paper to the faculty member, which he would criticize, thus opening a student-chosen dialogue between them. This would not work for all students, and it would still require that the student somehow be matched with a faculty member who is competent to analyze the subject he has chosen to write about. Furthermore, unless the grading and certification functions are eliminated, there will be a ready black market in bright ideas and well-written papers. If these functions are eliminated, and the student still has incentive to write the paper, the faculty will gratefully receive it; but, to ask a crass question, how will we get enough money to flow into the utopia of a university that does not certify?

WILLIAM A. BAKER,
Department of Social Science,
Chicago City College,
Chicago, Ill.

Past, Present, Future

DR. MARGARET MEAD'S "Youth Revolt: The Future Is Now" [*SR*, Jan. 10] says she agrees with the young people that the future is now, yet says in her concluding paragraph, "the young . . . seem to want instant utopia. . . . This seems unreasonable and impetuous." Observing the unreasonable and impetuous—if not downright mad—course of our leaders that threatens to turn our country, if not the entire world, into a wasteland, I find the wanting of instant utopia very reasonable, indeed.

Perceptive youngsters have withdrawn from this unreasonable state of affairs. They want no part of a culture in which people allow themselves to be bled white by taxation, and to stand by while the nation's resources as well as those of emerging nations are exhausted, and the proceeds used to perpetrate such atrocities as in Hiroshima, Guatemala, Korea, the Dominican Republic, and now Vietnam.

If we oldsters shook ourselves loose from our hypocritical Christianity and rejected a standard of value based on material success and political power, and joined forces with these youngsters, we could be on our way to a world where we could develop our human potential. Looking to the past is of no help. As far as we can see, human groups, as soon as they became literate, have lived by this same aggressive, competitive value standard.

Scholars such as Dr. Mead have had ample time to work patiently in their respective fields of study. They have done their work well, but sometimes it seems that their very scholarship clouds their vision. The young do not have this time. And for that matter, neither do the rest of us.

MRS. CORA G. CHASE,
Vaughn, Wash.

DR. MARGARET MEAD is wrong and Thomas Edison, Francis Bacon, and others are right. Facts are not found by feeling them in the intestines, but by many careful observations. A man may learn a few from his own observations, but most must be learned from the experience of men long dead. An unborn baby does not know the problems involved in disarmament and peace. How many unborn babies has Dr. Mead interviewed? Too many young people *feel* they know too much that just isn't so.

DAVID D. MORRIS,
East Lansing, Mich.

DR. MARGARET MEAD turns time backward to a static now. She discredits recorded experience, civilized man's great superior achievement. She delegates leadership to the least experienced, mankind's children:

Turn backward, turn backward,
O time, in your flight
And make us all children
Now that it's night.

EVELYN MELLARD,
Marfa, Tex.

Take Off

AFTER READING the expertly drawn but horrifying picture of future travel in "Will It Be the Soaring Seventies?" by Horace Sutton and David Butwin [*SR*, Jan. 3], I was impelled to parody Pan Am's commercials, thus:

Leave the phone off the hook;
Teach the cat how to cook;
Read a good book,
In your own little nook—
For the rest of your lifetime,
Stay out of this world!

JOHN E. O'BRIEN,
Litchfield, Conn.

"I've decided to branch out from goldfish."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Russian Delight

NEW HAVEN.

THE LONG WHARF THEATRE, which last season presented the American premiere of *A Whistle in the Dark*, and then this season transferred it to New York for a run of three months Off-Broadway, has come up with another play that could have a similar future. Called *Country People*, it was translated from Maxim Gorky's 1910 Russian original by Alexander Bakshy and Paul S. Nathan, and has never before been presented in English.

Although the play originally may have seemed a gallery of fascinating Russian types (a literal translation of Gorky's title is *Odd People*), its interest today lies more in its leading character, Mastakov, a writer who may be a self-analytical representation of Gorky himself. Mastakov writes stories that disregard obvious facts for the kind purpose of bringing cheer and comfort to his readers, and that disturb the Russian intelligentsia, because they require them to believe in something imaginary. He defends his work by stating, "Life is more interesting and more honest than human beings."

Furthermore, Mastakov's defense of his art is also a defense of his lifestyle. He is married to Elena, a fine intelligent woman who loves him, even though he is constantly causing her pain by his philandering. Cerebrally, at least, she understands his creative need for projecting himself into these romantic situations, and welcomes her function of protecting him from unpleasantness so that he can continue to imagine his idealistic stories.

But the dramatic delight of Mastakov is his comic self-centeredness. When Elena's "well-intentioned" friends keep forcing her to confront him with his sins, he heads her off by telling her first how happy he is with her, and how he loves her with a nice quiet love, as if she were his mother. Elena thinks that this is the prologue to a painful confession about his latest love affair. It is nothing of the kind. Instead, he stretches himself out comfortably with his head in her lap, and makes a complimentary remark about Elena's devoted servant girl who has just informed on him to his wife. Elena urges him to tell the truth. But Mastakov thinks she is referring to his writing, and replies, "The truth? Sometimes it's utter trash that keeps swinging around your head like a bat—a gray, repulsive little lump of dirt. What good are these petty truths? What service do they perform?" This is very skillful dramaturgy, because he has explained his infidelity without knowing he was doing so.

Richard Venture plays Mastakov most entertainingly, and the best scenes in the play are those in which he manages to make himself seem the injured party. When the widow, Olga, with whom he has dallied, complains of her treatment, he counterattacks by saying, "I won't be dragged by a rope even to heaven. . . . You choose to blame me for something in which you took part as well. . . . Am I already condemned? That's splendid. I'm leaving." Any sympathy we may have for wronged parties is completely outweighed by our pleasure at seeing him soar free from a sticky situation.

As Elena, Joyce Ebert convincingly expresses the conflict between her pride and her love. Martha Schlamme captures the feminine folly of Olga, and their confrontation is kept happily unsentimental and unmelodramatic. John Cromwell is tartly humorous as an old skeptic, whose advice, "Drop your politics and buy a guitar," draws a contemporary chuckle. And Ruth Nelson brings a glow to the play as a neighbor, who sums up Gorky's viewpoint about country people: "You are a queer lot, all of you. It makes me feel sorry to look at you. Making jokes as if you were all so gay—pretending to be clever and proud, feeling ashamed of your weaknesses before one another. . . . It's time you stopped playing roles—the theater is empty and there's nobody left but yourselves."

The play has been directed by Arvin Brown, whose special proclivity for finding humor in Russian plays is most helpful to a work that lacks the emotional strength and character depth of a Chekhov masterpiece. Whereas in *Uncle Vanya* we are deeply moved by the tragic spectacle of sensitive country people irreparably damaged by insensitive visitors from the city, in *Country People* we are amused when insensitive local types, who neurotically embrace sorrow, fail to infect their more sensitive visitors.

Dr. Spock.
He taught us how to raise our children. Now this wise, warm, remarkable man—who is a psychiatrist as well as a pediatrician—diagnoses what's wrong ethically, psychologically and sexually with the world those children have to live in. And prescribes with infinite compassion for us all.
DECENT AND INDECENT
Our Personal and Political Behavior
by BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.
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THE McCALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

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An essay review of "Mr. Sammler's Planet," by Saul Bellow (Viking, 313 pp., $6.95)

Saul Bellow and the Dogmas of Possibility

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

The lid is off, experience is in, Action is all: given this situation, have books a future? Can literary minds regain influence on the general culture? Will a voice of moral authority soon again sound—and be heeded—in a novel, poem, or play?

One current incitement to pessimism is the increasing polarization of literary opinion. (Conservatives are locked in the habit of fitting every observation of behavior or feeling into a grid of Cultural Decline; radicals are locked in the conviction that art can't be art unless it is revolutionary and anarchistic. The first view seals writers off from "unstructured" encounters with the age, the second abolishes literary form as a value.)

An incitement to optimism, on the other hand, is the ongoing productivity of the country's major literary talents —and among the latter none stands higher than Saul Bellow. This writer seldom slights his craft: no slovenly books or clownish cynicism or hints that art and public relations are one. High spirits, humor, strong narrative rhythms, responsiveness to place as well as person, a swift idiomatic speaking voice, the power to nudge open a door upon common life without instantly banishing delight and wonder—these are but a few of his gifts. And equal to any of them, at least in the mind of people anxious about the survival of moral authority in letters, is Bellow's relish of talk and thought about the "conduct of life," and his custom of ventilating moral/cultural issues in his books. Usually the author of *Augie March* focuses on personal quandaries (the hero's unrestrainable appetite in *Henderson the Rain King*, Tommy Wilhelm's weakness and self-deception in *Seize the Day*). But even amidst absorption with the local and idiosyncratic, his eye glances off to items of larger implication—high-fashion enthusiasm for despair (*Herzog*), minority group self-pity (*The Victim*). And this tendency of mind, together with the gifts just mentioned, has fixed an estimate of Saul Bellow as a writer not only ambitious to speak general truth but exceptionally well-equipped to do so.

No book in Bellow's *oeuvre* addresses cultural agonies more directly than the one at hand; nowhere does representation of personal relations run on as regularly into impersonal counsel about how to live. From this it doesn't follow, of course, that narrative interest is neglected, or that a tractarian or essayistic posture is the book's norm, or that the hero—a Polish-born, English-educated septuagenarian—is to be identified with Mr. Bellow himself. (One surprising link between plus-seventy Sammler and plus-fifty Bellow—H. G. Wells—is worth a word. Sammler is presented as an intimate of Wells; Bellow corresponded with that author, an admirer of Bellow's first novel, in the 1940s.) *Mr. Sammler's Planet* is dense in character and anecdote, and if its narrative line is a shade less than gripping, it suffices for the display both of the central figure and of the novelist's comic inventiveness. It *is* true, though, that book and hero alike seek from the beginning a stance of detachment, and the search creates difficulties for both.

Artur Sammler, one-eyed man of mind, former London-based correspondent for Polish newspapers, icy, aristocratic, Bloomsbury habitué, escapee from a mass grave in a Nazi slaughter, lives on New York's West Side with his niece and his daughter as companions. A couple of his more extraordinary life adventures—hiding out in a Polish mausoleum after the

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escape from the mass grave, service as correspondent of sorts during an Arab-Israeli battle—are recounted in backflashes. And the man does an occasional turn, center stage, most notably a lecture at Columbia on the British Scene in the Thirties, during which he's jumped by student radicals for approving intellectual freedom.

But Sammler is mainly an observer, not an actor. What he looks at is history in the large, the city roundabout (especially the habiliments of vanity and lunacy visible in strangers), and the appetites of relatives and acquaintances studied at close range. The human beings in question include an elegantly clad black pickpocket who works the bus between Columbus Circle and 72nd Street (the fellow at length detects Sammler's surveillance and chases him into an apartment lobby, trapping him in a corner and threatening him, wordlessly, by exposing himself). Others whom Sammler scrutinizes are Dr. Govinda Lal, an Indian astrophysicist guest-lecturing in America, author of a work called *The Future of the Moon*, the opening sentence of which reads, "How long will this earth remain the only home of Man?"; Dr. Elya Gruner, Sammler's benefactor, a Westchester surgeon sick unto death in a Manhattan hospital, who stands forth by virtue of generosity and solidity of self as Sammler's model of human worth; and three members of the takeover generation—the surgeon's endlessly cosseted children, Angela and Wallace Gruner, and Sammler's own daughter, Shula-Slawa, lonely, lit'ry, loony.

The narrative net gathering these people is drawn by two actions—Shula-Slawa's theft of the astrophysicist's moon manuscript (the girl believes the document to be essential to a memoir of Wells that in her mind is the core of her father's life), and Wallace Gruner's attempted destruction of his father's house in pursuit of a cache of "dirty money" allegedly hidden in the pipes by the elder Gruner with the aid of a "Mafia plumber." The comic interludes that interrupt Sammler's reflections on this miscellaneous lot usually feature Wallace, a thoroughly original creation who shuttles from role to role and fantasy to fantasy, excusing himself with the remark that "I'm a different generation. I never had any dignity to start with."

> [Wallace] invented curious projects. Several years ago he flew out to Tangiers with the purpose of buying a horse and visiting Morocco and Tunisia on horseback. Not taking his Honda, he said, because backward people should be seen from a horse. He had borrowed Jacob Burckhardt's *Force and Freedom* from Sammler, and it affected him strongly. He wanted to examine peoples in various stages of development. In Spanish Morocco he was robbed in his hotel. By a man with a gun, hidden in his closet. He then flew on to Turkey and tried again. Somehow he managed to enter Russia on his horse. In Soviet Armenia he was detained by the police. After [his father] had gone five or six times to see Senator Javits, Wallace was released from prison. Then, once again in New York, Wallace, taking a young lady to see the film *The Birth of a Child*, fainted away at the actual moment of birth, struck his head on the back of a seat, and was knocked unconscious. Reviving, he was on the floor, He found that his date had moved away from him in embarrassment, changed her seat. He had a row with her for abandoning him. Wallace, borrowing his father's Rolls, let it somehow get away from him; carelessly parked, it ended up at the bottom of a reservoir somewhere near Croton. He drove a city crosstown bus to pay off debts. The Mafia was after him. His bookie gave him two months to pay. The handicapping hadn't worked. He flew with a friend to Peru to climb in the Andes. Said to be quite a good pilot . . . He volunteered for the domestic Peace Corps. He wanted to be of use to little black children, to be a basketball coach in playgrounds . . .

—*Jeff Lowenthal.*

Saul Bellow — "no slovenly books or clownish cynicism."

And the book's most hilarious moment occurs when Sammler delivers portentously to Dr. Lal the fruits of his meditation on the future of man just at the instant Wallace upstairs breaks the attic pipes, flooding the entire house. "Regularly, now, for generations," Sammler reflects minutes later, carrying plastic buckets up and down the stairs, "prosperous families brought forth their anarchistic sons—these boy Bakunins, geniuses of liberty, arsonists, demolishers of prisons, property, palaces. Bakunin had loved fire so. Wallace worked in water, a different medium."

As for the fruits of Sammler's meditation: their value lies in alertness to themes of Possibility, Experience, and Wholeness that are indeed central in contemporary thought and feeling, and that have never before in fiction been dealt with as explicitly as here. *Mr. Sammler's Planet* does, to be sure, offer up many commonplace ruminations about the odds against Western culture, and much fulmination against post-Enlightenment man. (" . . . the struggles of three revolutionary centuries being won while the feudal bonds of Church and Family weakened. and the privileges of aristocracy [without any duties] spread wide, democratized, especially the libidinous privileges, the right to be uninhibited, spontaneous, urinating, defecating, belching, coupling in all positions, tripling, quadrupling, polymorphous, noble in being natural, primitive, combining the leisure and luxurious inventiveness of Versailles with hibiscus-covered erotic ease of Samoa . . . ") But the book's formulations concerning the nature of the new appetites are far less stale:

> . . . people want to visit all other states of being in a diffused state of consciousness, not wishing to be any given thing but instead to become comprehensive, entering and leaving at will . . .
>
> . . . Human beings, when they have room, when they have liberty and are supplied also with ideas, mythologize themselves . . . They legendize. They expand by imagination and try to rise above the limitations of the ordinary forms of common life . . . Separating themselves from the rest of their species, from the life of their species, hoping perhaps to get away . . . from the death of their species . . .
>
> Humankind had lost its old patience. It demanded accelerated exaltation, accepted no instant without pregnant meanings as in epic, tragedy, comedy, or films.

These formulations, furthermore, have an organic weight—nothing patched-on or abstract about them. Now they're validated by the observed life of the sidewalks:

> What one sees on Broadway while bound for the bus. All human types reproduced, the barbarian, Redskin, or Fiji, the dandy, the buffalo hunter, the desperado, the queer, the sexual fantasist, the squaw, bluestocking, princess, poet, painter, prospector, troubadour, guerrilla, Che Guevara, the new Thomas Becket . . .

Now they're validated by the sick non

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sequiturs of Wallace Gruner's funny-pathetic talk:

> ". . . They say that fellows that beef themselves up like that—'I was a ninety-pound weakling'—that such fellows are narcissistic pansies. I don't judge anybody. What if they are homosexuals? That's nothing any more. I don't think homosexuality is simply a different way of being human, I actually think it's a disease. I don't know why homosexuals fuss so much and proclaim themselves so normal. Such gentlemen. Of course they have *us* to point at—and we're not so great. I believe this boom in faggots was caused by modern warfare. One result of 1914, that slaughter in the trenches. The men were getting blasted. It was obviously healthier to be a woman than a man. It was better to be a child. Best of all is to be an artist, combining child, woman, or dervish—do I mean a dervish? A shaman? A necromancer is probably what I mean. Plus millionaire. Many a millionaire wants to be an artist, or a kid or woman and a necromancer. What was I talking about? . . ."

And before the tale is ended, the contrast between self-stability and its opposite is worked into the very texture of people's knowledge of each other. Sammler perceives his friend Gruner as a self-consistency embodying chosen dignity. And he himself in turn is placed by the restless money-maddened types who know him as pure stillness and fixity: "Feffer in the furious whirling of his spirit took him for a fixed point." (At length, true to his own ironic spirit, Sammler grins at the "still point" *shtick*. In "hyperenergetic revolutions," he reflects, men "fall in love with ideas of stability, and Sammler was an idea of stability.")

It's one thing to grant the pertinence of Bellow's account of the new sensibility, however, and another to accept *Mr. Sammler's Planet* as evidence of the trustworthiness of the literary mind now. For although there's much to praise in this work of fiction—spirited comedy, intermittent analytical brillance—it is nevertheless at bottom a troubled, uncertain book. The problems can be variously labeled. From one perspective they look to be consequences of an over-rigid, over-familiar (see above) "decline-of-culture" set of mind; from another they're traceable to esthetic confusion—a doomed effort to move freely, in a single work, between closed and open literary forms. But both perspectives are mere symptomatology: the strong impression is that the root of the book's trouble, both as argument and as art, is a defect of sympathy.

As might be assumed, Mr. Sammler the protagonist is wary of this defect, determined to guard against it. He understands that he is a man of the past. He knows that the appetite for multiple selves and for new ways of having experience has connections with past deprivation:

> . . . many have surged forward in modern history, after long epochs of namelessness and bitter obscurity, to claim and to enjoy (as people enjoy things now) a name, a dignity of person, a life such as belonged in the past only to gentry, nobility, the royalty or the gods of myth.

He tries to acknowledge that mere admonitions to "be human" can't instantly increase the attractions of humdrum humanness:

> Why should they be human? In most of the forms offered there is little scope for the great powers of nature in the individual, the abundant, generous powers. In business, in professions, in labor; as a member of the public; as an inhabitant of the cities, these strange pits; as experiencer of compulsions, manipulations; as endurer of strain; as father, husband obliging society by performing his quota of actions—the individual seems to feel these powers less, less and less.

And again and again he speaks of his struggle against certainty and the doctrinaire temper, his effort to preserve a measure of negative capability ("The best, I have found, is to be disinterested . . . by not judging").

But the struggle fails. Or, rather, it attains insufficient substance for the reader, seemingly belonging only to the surface structure of Sammler's mind and story. His "fairness," his qualifications, his hesitations, sound faint, as from the wings, whereas his scorn and vituperation come forth strongly as from the center:

> The mental masses, inheriting everything in a debased state, had formed an idea of the corrupting disease of being white and of the healing power of black . . .
>
> From the black side, strong currents were sweeping over everyone. Child, black, redskin—the unspoiled Seminole against the horrible Whiteman. Millions of civilized people wanted oceanic, boundless, primitive, neck-free nobility, experienced a strange release of galloping impulses, and acquired the peculiar aim of sexual niggerhood for everyone.
>
> Just look . . . at this imitative anarchy of the streets—these Chinese revolutionary tunics, these babes in unisex toyland, these surrealist warchiefs, Western stagecoach drivers—Ph.D.s in

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

RIVERRUN

Just fill in the blanks with one of the rivers listed at the right, and assign the correct poet to the lines quoted by Edwardine Sperling of Peoria, Ill. If the current is too swift, seize the lifebuoy on page 37.

1. I saw . . . their wide long lake below
   And the blue _____ in fullest flow. ( )
2. Farewell to barn and stack and tree,
   Farewell to _____ shore. ( )
3. She dwelt among the untrodden ways
   Beside the springs of _____. ( )
4. And the first gray of morning filled the east,
   And the fog rose out of the _____ stream. ( )
5. "I'll go to my tower on the _____," replied he,
   "'Tis the safest place in Germany." ( )
6. Sweet swan of _____! what a sight it were
   To see thee in our waters yet appear. ( )
7. High upon Highlands,/And low upon _____. ( )
8. Left the fleetest deer behind him,/Left the antelope
   and bison;/Crossed the rushing _____. ( )
9. She prophesied that, late or soon,
   Thou would be found deep drown'd in _____. ( )
10. Where _____, the sacred river, ran
    Through caverns measureless to man. ( )

A. Alph
B. Avon
C. Doon
D. Dove
E. Esconaba
F. Oxus
G. Rhine
H. Rhone
I. Severn
J. Tay

(a) Anon. (b) Arnold. (c) Burns. (d) Byron. (e) Coleridge. (f) Housman. (g) Jonson. (h) Longfellow. (i) Southey. (j) Wordsworth.

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philosophy, some of them . . . They sought originality. They were obviously derivative. And of what—of Paiutes, of Fidel Castro? No, of Hollywood extras. Acting mythic. Casting themselves into chaos . . .

Everywhere the limitations of his vision and sympathy have an invulnerable quality, as though the rigidity in his deep structure had been sanctified by his creator and was beyond the touch of any event, any sudden infusion of light, any breath of critical scrutiny.

And these limitations of vision bring in their train—a predictable sequel—novelistic flaws. As a "pure" gallery of fools, an enclosed world with a little of the flavor of a seventeenth-century "humours" comedy or Enlightenment dunciad, an instructive catalogue of the puerilities of "cultural revolution," *Mr. Sammler's Planet* would have edge and point. But the book aspires to a higher condition. Like the people it mocks—culture vultures, fops, dudes, academic entrepreneurs, SDSers, SAT wizards, indulgent parents, slobbish women, trust-fund swingers, "do-gooders"—it is haunted by a dream of wholeness. And the pressure of that dream forces it repeatedly out of "proper" key or genre: instead of accepting itself as satire, a distorting mirror, it undertakes to pass itself off as a genuine imaginative encounter with, and penetration of, forces and beings it despises.

To say that it doesn't succeed means, in terms of the book's felt argument, that too much that matters in present-day thought, feeling, and action is excluded. (*Mr. Sammler's Planet* is a world more or less without politics, without provocation to minority protest, without Merck or Mississippi, without entrenched economic power, without established, unshakable, egoridden plunderers and polluters, without the frustration and bitterness of "highminded" senseless war. In this world people's behavior is almost entirely a function of their "purely personal" braininess or stupidity.) In terms of the book's dimension as art—a work of fiction—it means that the moments of dramatic confrontation, as opposed to satiric revelation, are below Mr. Bellow's standard: blurred, hurried, implausible. Sammler's face-off with the pickpocket who exposes himself is filtered through a scrim of memory: it doesn't happen on the page in dramatic time. There is no spoken accent of black-white confrontation, no entrance into the relevant labyrinth of intensities—guilt, rationalization, oppression, revenge, and the rest. The confrontation between Sammler and radical studentdom is equally thin and

(*Continued on page 37*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Varieties of Anti-Communism

IN HIS REVIEW of Melvin Rader's *False Witness* [*SR*, Jan. 17] Thomas I. Emerson takes our government to task with many mouthings of the reverse-thinking of the communist line. I am sorry for Mr. Rader. But in terms of what would have happened to him in Russia—how fortunate he is, and was! No concentration camp. No falling dead before a firing squad. No breaking up and forcible dispersion of his family.

We, the American people, can count on our ten fingers those who were unfairly accused during the McCarthy era. Russia alone counts its victims in the tens of millions. When you add the people of the captive countries, it can well stagger the imagination.

And on such a showing a man who is teaching our American youth says that one such incident makes a mockery of our form of government! He says, "One is hardly surprised that so many of today's youth have concluded that our institutions and leadership are rotten at the core and that democratic ideas of justice and integrity are a sham." All this, in spite of the fact that the Senate itself censured Mr. McCarthy (who censures the OGPU?).

EDITH L. HUMPHREY,
Great Barrington, Mass.

WHEN THOMAS I. EMERSON says, "McCarthy was not censured because he was anti-communist," he seems to imply that anti-communism is just cause for censure, and does not clear up the ambiguity with his descriptions of kinds of anti-communism. He makes no mention of the kind I had supposed was the commonly agreed-upon one.

Can he be unaware that at least some of us were both anti-Joe and anti-Communist (I capitalize to differentiate between what communism started out to be and what it became), and that for the same reason we're against tyranny under any name, and the Big Lie from anybody?

There's a difference between the fear that alerts us to danger and irrational fear. Considering the events of our past, even the *fairly* recent past, fear of tyranny scarcely seems irrational.

ZOE CLOAK,
Appleton, Wis.

PROFESSOR EMERSON distinguishes between three types of anti-communism: "the anti-communism heavily freighted with paranoia, the anti-communism employed as a demagogic technique, and the anti-communism as an instrument to support the imperial (*sic*) interests of the business establishment." Why on earth is he neglecting the most important—and I should imagine the most numerous—category, namely those who oppose communism because of its totally oppressive character and because of the vast number of crimes and injustices committed by its official protagonists? The injustices committed in the name of anti-communism, like those committed for any reason whatsoever, are to be deplored, but I fail to see how this in any way weakens the case against communism.

J. KMENTA,
Okemos, Mich.

Missed Point

ELISABETH STEVENS, in her review of Louise Hall Tharp's biography *Saint-Gaudens and the Gilded Era* [*SR*, Jan. 17], misses the whole point of the book. She condemns it on the ground that it merely tells the story of the great sculptor's life and does not provide a thorough criticism and evaluation of his art. I submit that biographies and artistic evaluations are two different things, both valuable but better kept separate as Mrs. Tharp has done.

Saint-Gaudens and the Gilded Era provides a fascinating, detailed story of a great artist's life. This is a valuable addition to our biographical literature, beautifully, humanely and dramatically portrayed.

SIDNEY HOMER,
New York, N.Y.

Not Posthumous

RE MARK MUSA'S REVIEW of Quasimodo's poems [*SR*, Jan. 17]: the statement "*Dare e avere* ('To Give and to Have') was posthumously published in 1966" is incorrect, since the poet died on June 14, 1968, and the book in question, whose complete title is *Dare e avere, 1959-1965*, was published in 1966 by Mondadori in Milan.

LUIGI ROMEO,
Boulder, Colo.

Sparkling Scene

FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS I have been reading with relish the terse and lively EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE. How does Robert Clements do it? With gratifying regularity he catches in remarks now acerbic, now urbane, and sparkling with little-known and frequently startling incidentals the essence of those foreign writers whom one wants to know more about, and projects their works in a provoking confrontation with critics' reactions, comparative appraisals, and the political and social climate of the hour. All this with economy, precision and wit.

Recently [*SR*, Dec. 6] I was particularly impressed with a comment on Günter Grass's latest novel that Mr. Clements related and with justice to the author's growing political involvement that has done so much to intensify the militant attitude of Germany's men of letters today.

THAIS S. LINDSTROM,
Bronxville, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Giangiacomo Feltrinelli has found that the liberalism of Rome's *L'Espresso* has its limits. The wealthy publisher (since 1954) has issued a large volume of Marxist, socialist, proletarian, and even anarchist literature, including the journal *Tricontinental*, which gave instructions on the making of Molotov cocktails. He published Giovanni Testori, whose controversial play *L'Arialda* was forbidden by the Milanese police in 1961. He also published Che Guevara, but then, who in Europe hasn't? After the recent bombings in Milan and Rome, blamed on the anarchists, Feltrinelli was asked by the Milanese police to return from abroad for interrogation, under threat of having his passport impounded. From somewhere outside Italy Feltrinelli had friends forward a letter of protest to *L'Espresso* (Moravia, Paolo Milano, *et al.*) denying complicity and crying foul. *L'Espresso*, however, replied that since sixteen people were killed, Feltrinelli should jolly well come back and give whatever information he has. The man who sponsors so many loquacious discussions in his Roman bookstore should perhaps now engage in more dialogue himself. Is he in Austria, Cuba, or even New York at this writing? A call to his Madison Avenue telephone reveals only that he may be "in Czechoslovakia or somewhere." Perhaps Feltrinelli now wishes that his publishing policy had followed more in the vein of his successful novels, the anti-Stalinist *Dr. Zhivago* and the anti-republican *Gattopardo* (*The Leopard*).

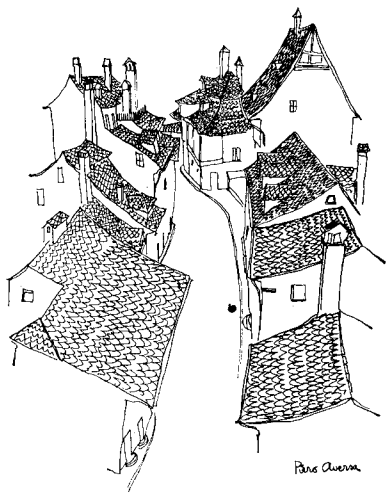
Speaking of *L'Espresso*'s critic Alberto Moravia reminds us that Bompiani has published his play-of-the-absurd, *La Vita è gioco* (Life Is a Game), which is unlikely to have the success of his previous drama on the Oedipus theme, *Il Dio Kurt*. The "game" here is indeed a sordid one: two brothers and their girl friend kidnap their teacher for a huge ransom. The teacher is suffocated before the ransom is negotiated. In an unlikely series of events the three adolescents and the brother of the victim are killed, and the victim's widow turns a gun on herself. The critics are still trying to sort it all out.

Less ambitious but more pleasing is Ugo Fasolo's little volume of verse *Notte e compianto* (Night and Pity), published by Neri Pozza. Its final poem verges on greatness. "Elegia per Attilio" commemorates the death of the Alpinist Attilio Tissi, who was killed in 1959 descending from a peak of the Lavaredo mountains near Cortina. Tissi had already become a sort of legend, a partisan who, having been taken prisoner, slashed his wrists and was rescued as he was about to bleed to death. He was elected to the Senate of the Republic, but the call of the mountains was too strong for Tissi. The solemnity of Lorca's elegy for the bullfighter Sánchez-Mejías is recaptured in the poem. In Leopardian stanzas utilizing word orders possible in classic elegy, the veteran Ugo Fasolo (an engineer by profession) succeeds, like Leopardi, in demonstrating that to the Alpinist nature is not a mother but rather—in the words of Pliny—a stepmother.

Overshadowing the awards of the Fémina to Jorge Semprun and the Médicis to Hélène Cixous, France's Grand Prix National went to old campaigner Jules Roy (born 1907) for the totality of his works. His birth in Rovigo, Algeria, assigns Roy loosely to the North African school of French letters. Ever since *La Vallée heureuse* (1946), based on his experiences as a war pilot, military novels and essays on war figure large in his production. His four works on the French experience in Indo-China might well be read by Americans. In them Roy took a clear stand for an autonomous Vietnam without foreign intervention. He resigned a lieutenant-colonelcy, and rejected vague concepts of "Vietnamization" for the unequivocal statement "Vietnam must be Vietnamese." He took the same position on his native Algeria.

Self-exiled from Madrid since his brief imprisonment there, the playwright Arrabal is haunted by the magnificent Bosch paintings in the Prado Museum. This accounts for the title of his latest play, *The Garden of Delights*. As usual, the work is something of a mystification. While Bosch had at least a schismatic theology to give veiled meaning to his nightmarish paintings, Arrabal's surrealism confines his intentions to the depths of his own subconscious. Arrabal suggests there is a Faustian meaning in his drama, which is vaguely reminiscent of *The Tempest*. A recluse actress, Laïs (Miranda), is caught between the lust of the man-ape Zeno (Caliban) and the sado-masochism of the magus Teloc (Prospero). Though the critics are lukewarm about Arrabal's play, they are ecstatic about the acting of Delphine Seyrig, for whom it was written. This attractive lady, who dominates the stage in her tights, will be remembered by filmgoers everywhere for her performance in Robbe-Grillet's *Last Year at Marienbad*.

The young novelist and poet Vladimir Soloukhin first came to notice in the USSR through a 1958 article in the *Literary Gazette* criticizing Yevgeny Yevtushenko for seeking enemies not among foreigners but among "antagonists supposedly surrounding him in this our own Socialist home." His first success was a realistic novel on peasant life north of Moscow, *Byroads of the Vladimir District*. He returns to this area in his latest novel, *Mat'imachekha* (Coltsfoot, a medicinal plant), issued by Moskovski Rabochii. Eleven years older, Vladimir Soloukhin is now himself capable of finding fault with his comrades both in the capital and back in the farmlands he left behind. His farm-born hero, Mitka Zolushkin, goes to Moscow after his army stint to become a poet. When he sees the attacks on Pasternak and Akhmatova, he comes to the unhappy conclusion that the intellectual must compromise in order to survive. Just as Soloukhin had turned upon Yevtushenko, his hero, Zolushkin, makes a public attack on a friend to whom he is indebted. But Zolushkin later risks arrest or deportation by the KGB. A return to his rural home shows him that the situation there is no better. The *kolkhoz* director is corrupt, the peasants are indifferent and without sustaining values. We are back to Pliny's distinction: Mother Russia has become Stepmother Russia. Which may be the second meaning of the novel's title (as well as signifying an herb, it means "mother and stepmother"). A daring title and a daring book, with Soloukhin perhaps taking even greater risks than his hero Zolushkin.



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Man's Problems

DECENT AND INDECENT:
Our Personal and Political Behavior

by Benjamin Spock
McCall, 210 pp., $5.95

BENJAMIN SPOCK has written a courageous and provocative book. There is a wealth of ideas, observations, and conclusions on almost every page of this wide-ranging collection of short pieces. Here is the credo of a man who has passed beyond mere talk to responsible social action, leading to a trial and subsequent acquittal.

The book touches on this ordeal only indirectly. It is essentially an analysis of the problems facing modern Western man as seen by a liberal. The title is taken from the author's observations about obscenity and brutality: "Sophisticated people take pride in refusing to be shocked. However, if pressed they'll agree that there are certain acts . . . that they might consider offensive if carried out or crudely depicted in public. This admission—that a citizen's sense of decency can be offended—is the crux of my viewpoint."

Dr. Spock spent three years polishing these essays, and the result is a delight to read. It is a passionate book, written from the perspective "that the worst problems of America—illegal war, racial injustice, unnecessary poverty, for example—are caused not by lack of knowledge or means but by moral blindness or confusion."

The author has strong convictions about the roles, needs, and nature of man and woman. He speaks of "innate temperamental differences," woman's "instinctive passivity," and man's "compulsion to confront danger." Natural selection and the long course of evolution, he believes, have gone into the making of these differences. Consequently, "the feminists' effort to deny this is increasing the rivalry between the sexes and . . . impairs the happiness of both sexes and the harmony between them." Our educational system has contributed to the rise of "competitive feminism" by channeling the imagination, idealism, and ambition of girls toward the traditional concerns of men. In this connection, Dr. Spock makes an interesting point:

> Research has shown that students pick up the basic attitudes of teachers through identification more than by precept. So those women instructors in girls' colleges and schools (unmarried and married) who have been scornful of domesticity and of men have thus had a special influence.
>
> On the other hand I feel that since women have an inborn aptitude for—and naturally get gratification from—understanding and helping people and creating beauty, and since most of them are going to spend fifteen to twenty-five years of their lives primarily raising their children, it would be fairer to them if they were brought up at home and educated at school and college in such a spirit that they would enjoy, feel proud of, and be fascinated by child-rearing rather than frustrated by it.

It is regrettable that Dr. Spock, who believes so strongly in the traditional roles of the sexes, has so little to say about high school and college courses designed to prepare young men and women for marriage and family living. These courses have proliferated over the past two decades and are now offered on many campuses. A multitude of interesting texts are available. Yet, from my contacts with students at a number of colleges, I have the impression that such programs often lack relevancy. They are taught mostly by lecture, readings, and film presentations, and students do not have enough opportunity to relate the material to their immediate experiences. Exploration of attitudes, feelings, and emotions, the acquiring of new attitudes, and the clarification of values rarely take place in marriage and family-living classes. Yet, with adequately trained student-group facilitators or discussion-group leaders, these programs could make a vital contribution to the quality of marriage and the climate of the family that will be shaped by the current generation of students.

In his college lectures Dr. Spock finds that when he talks about indications of increasing sexual aggressiveness in women today, the men students will groan and give other audible signs that they are fed up with aggressive female behavior in the relationship between the sexes. It would be of value to know whether this attitude is widespread among college men or restricted primarily to certain campuses or geographic regions.

On the basis of his studies and group discussions with students, Dr. Spock concludes that few college men and fewer women "approve of promiscuity, in the sense of being intimate with a number of partners in the same period of time or in rapid succession; they believe that sexuality should be reserved for one person with whom there is an ongoing relationship, whether the affair is very serious or only mildly serious . . . the inclination (whether slight or compelling) to reserve sexual love for the well beloved is not an outdated convention nor an invention of religious authorities but an aspect of human nature . . . The attempt to reduce [sexuality] to a simple pleasure like eating can only cause misunderstandings."

Dr. Spock finds an increasing number of unmarried couples living together in college where this can be managed without coming into conflict with authorities or parents. These "arrangements" often begin either in the junior or senior year and are characterized by love, compatibility, and caring. Often an "arrangement" will end in marriage. This has also been my observation. I can only add that today's college students seem vastly more tolerant of many forms of sexual expression than the generation that attended college twenty to twenty-five years ago. Today's students more readily accept the other person's right to "do his sexual thing," whatever it may be.

Surprisingly, Dr. Spock takes what he himself labels as "A Reactionary View of Obscenity and Brutality." He calls for codes to protect children and society both from brutality and "the indecent," and believes that certain plays, movies, late television programs, books, and magazines should be labeled and reserved for adults.

> I'd distinguish today a third category of movies, plays, novels, articles, and paintings in which a primary aim is to shock, revolt, or embarrass by explicitly depicting sexual intimacies —especially those of a loveless, perverse, or brutal kind—and other works that horrify with vivid details of nonsexual brutality. Most though not all of these works are obviously feeble in their artistic or social significance.
>
> The motivation, as I see it, of such authors and producers—in addition to making easy money—is the same particular pleasure that peddlers of lurid gossip enjoy or that loosely brought up children gain from expounding crude sex "information" to protectively reared children. I think such works are unhealthy for society because they assault the carefully constructed inhibitions and sublimations of sexuality and violence that are normal for all human beings (except those raised without any morals at all) and that are essential in the foundations of civilization.
>
> I would now join a majority, if such developed, in favor of new laws which would determine guilt simply on the basis of judges' and juries' sense of shock and revulsion. (I realize that almost no liberals or intellectuals, old or young, would go along with me.)

He also confesses "that when writers sprinkle their sentences with obscene words that have no particular connection with the topic but are added for exclamatory effect, it alienates rather than impresses me." The essay ends with this genial observation:

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What embarrasses me is that these writers give the impression that they think they are being emancipated and sophisticated. Actually this has always been a four-year-old style. That's the age when children say to each other "I'll flush you down the toilet" or "You're a pee-pee" and then are convulsed with laughter at how witty and wicked they are.

In the same way that he mentions man's and woman's "inborn temperament," Dr. Spock speaks of the human being's "ever-ready hostility" and concludes that "the power drive cannot be eradicated from human nature." The contribution of the current social, political, interpersonal, and economic environment to man's hostility or "power drive" receives little or no attention.

Answering the question "Could we make a loving world?," Dr. Spock suggests that "we should help our children better to master their aggressiveness by prohibiting meanness, forbidding them to watch brutality on television, declining to buy them war toys, pointing out to them at each occasion, at home and at school, their natural tendency to project their hostility onto others. . . . Schools and universities ought to find places—all through the curriculum—to make the students aware of the self-deluding, self-serving, hostility-projecting nature of man—in interpersonal and intergroup as well as in international relations."

Unfortunately, Dr. Spock does not mention that schools and universities, through transformation of bare classrooms and austere hallways, can create an environment of beauty, of loving and caring, which then communicates these qualities to the dwellers in the environment. There is no mention of the group experiences (verbal and nonverbal) and two-person and three-person experiences which have emerged from the human potentialities movement. These experiences can foster love, caring, empathy, awareness, understanding, and the communication of feeling. Many young people today are engaged in an intensive search for the meanings and values of life. They are endeavoring to make peace, love, and tranquility part of their daily lives. They are rediscovering the spiritual dimensions of their being. For example, there is a widespread interest in meditation, and the Transcendental Meditation Movement currently has 30,000 members on U.S. campuses.

I found the portion of the book dealing with the contemporary political scene, although admittedly partisan, both highly stimulating and fascinating. Among other things, Dr. Spock mentions that in 1964 he campaigned for Lyndon Johnson on television and radio because he had promised not to send any more Americans to fight in Vietnam. Three months after the election, Johnson abruptly escalated the war. It is an intriguing question how many of our Presidents (and elected representatives) have made major public commitments while campaigning, only to ignore and deny them later. Some respected and prestigious U.S. foundation could render a significant public service by keeping a record of the public promises made by seekers of office and of how many are fulfilled, publishing the score at intervals of one, two, three, and four years. Such a scoreboard might help to refurbish the tarnished image of the politician and stimulate new interest in what is happening in this country. It might also introduce a new ethical dimension to congressional, senatorial, and presidential campaigns.

In the final portion of the book, under the heading "Stormy Years Ahead," Dr. Spock makes a number of predictions about the future course of the Nixon administration, the Black Power movement, etc. He then lists some urgent domestic programs for a radical party that might emerge in the years to come.

The concluding chapters are dedicated to educational reform. Although they offer many excellent suggestions, there is little that is new with the exception of a trenchant section entitled "The Attacks of the Authoritarians and Intellectuals." This presents an opportunity for me to conclude with one of my favorite quotations from the book: "I should [like to] list some pursuits that tend to harden people's hearts, make them rivalrous and drive them apart. The best known are the strivings for wealth, power, and social position. I'll add one more, the acquiring of an exaggeratedly intellectual personality."

Herbert A. Otto

Herbert A. Otto is president of the National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential.

Belligerency

PRESIDENT JOHNSON kept repeating that the [Vietnam] war was caused by "aggression from the North," though the historical fact—confirmed by a careful reading of our government's own White Paper—was that no North Vietnamese army units and few volunteers had come to help the South Vietnamese rebels until after he had initiated the bombing of the North—an example of the aggressor projecting the blame onto the victim.

ADD UP THE TOTALS for Vietnam: a hundred billion dollars spent, forty thousand young Americans dead, a million Vietnamese killed, hundreds of thousands of children orphaned and separated from relatives who as a result will never be emotionally normal, nuclear war hanging over our heads for four years—all so that Lyndon Johnson would not have to admit failure in a power play. Of course his predecessors, his advisers, Congress, and the American people share the blame.

WHITE PEOPLE NEED TO UNDERSTAND the special importance to black people of control of the police in their own black neighborhoods. Most middle-class whites have no idea what it feels like to be subjected to police who are routinely suspicious, rude, belligerent, and brutal. These are strong words, but if you will talk with black ghetto dwellers you'll realize that they are not exaggerations. (A better way still to learn about unnecessary police hostility and brutality is to take part in a demonstration for a cause to which the police have a natural antipathy.) *—From "Decent and Indecent."*

—Pictorial Parade.

Benjamin Spock -- "stimulating."

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Military Might

THE WALLS OF ISRAEL

by Jean Lartéguy, translated from the French by Ormonde de Kay, Jr.

Evans-Lippincott, 240 pp., $5.95

IN SPRING 1967 a Palestine Arab leader I met in the Old City of Jerusalem, which was then controlled by Jordan, lamented with a sense of realism unusual for an Arab: "I worked as a boy for a little old Jewish watchmaker, but what has happened to such peaceful Jews? We Arabs supported Hitler to get the British out of Palestine and to keep the Jews from taking it over—and that was our big mistake. Hitler turned the Jews into fighters—at our expense." Several weeks later, this Palestinian's words were confirmed more dramatically than even he might have imagined. He was forced to flee Jerusalem in the carnage of the Six-Day War.

Out of the smoke of Hitler's crematoria that devoured millions of helpless human beings emerged perhaps the world's most extraordinary soldier, and this is the theme of Jean Lartéguy's *The Walls of Israel,* a swiftly moving study of Israel's armed forces. Considering the Israeli fetish of secrecy about even the most general military information, Lartéguy, a distinguished French journalist, has managed to paint an absorbing portrait of these forces and the individuals who compose them. If Lartéguy, a gentile, seems at times stricken with awe by the subjects he paints, few readers, whether friends or foes of Israel, will be unimpressed by his canvas.

This book is, above all, required reading for the Arab leaders, many of whom, even today, though having lost three wars, wishfully view Israel as essentially comprised of fear-ridden but brutal people who win battles with sneakiness and stealth. Arab soldiers are still sent to their deaths without the advantage of a true understanding of the enemy's capabilities.

Nor would it seem wise for the policy-makers of the United States, the USSR, France, and other countries to ignore the implications of the information in this book if they wish to base their policies on concrete facts rather than on political fantasies.

The central fact is that Israel would only cease to exist as a state after most of her citizens died in battle, or possibly by their own hand. (Many women, I learned during the Six-Day War, had obtained supplies of lethal pills, intending to swallow them if the Arabs were about to win.) And the chances of this happening are slim indeed, since, as Lartéguy makes clear, Israel's armed forces are scientifically tailored to meet any eventuality, to fight any army of any size at a moment's notice. The destruction of Israel could be achieved only at enormous cost to the victor; and, although Lartéguy does not say so, the ultimate battle could well end in nuclear catastrophe. For if Israel does not yet possess nuclear weapons, there have been reports that she soon will. She might well use them —as any nuclear power might—if that were the only possibility for survival.

Consistent with Israel's determination to survive—and this means to win *every* war she fights—a corollary fact emerges: No power or pressure on earth is likely to force her to make a peace with the Arabs that will in any way mean sacrifice of what she regards as her vital security requirements. Since the Palestine Arabs seem equally determined to prevent any peace that permits even the existence of Israel, the chances for a political settlement in the Middle East, whether promoted by the Big Four, the Big Two, Gamal Abdel Nasser, King Hussein, or Golda Meir, appear about as remote as any political objective could be. But a realistic appraisal of Israeli military power and psychology—and *The Walls of Israel* will help the reader to make one —might at least produce realistic responses by all parties concerned with the continuing war, and thereby reduce the chances of miscalculation that could plunge us into World War III.

To grasp reality, one must, first of all, understand the Israeli state of mind. The Nazi holocaust, which reduced the Jewish people by one-third, has turned the Israelis into perhaps the fiercest nationalists in the world, for they view Israel as the only guarantee against a new Diaspora and possibly another genocide. Their passion is fed by the Arab threat, also the product of a virulent nationalism, to end her existence. It is, in fact, less the fear, however genuine, of Arab massacre than of new homelessness and persecution that fuels Israeli intransigence. So intense is the feeling that the Israeli soldier approaches an assignment in an almost suicidal state of mind. The smell of the gas that suffocated his relatives has helped to generate in him a strange fatalism: not the fatalism of the *kamikaze,* rooted in the glory of death, but the conviction that life is less important than the assertion of the *right* to live. This attitude has spawned an army with the efficiency of a computer, yet with the imagination of the hunted animal that has survived, an imagination that spurns military dogma and stirs men to fight almost by instinct. And this instinct is sharpened by perhaps the most exhaustive, most intensive, most comprehensive training program yet devised for an army.

The present-day Israeli military organization—in which almost all able men and most single and childless women are enlisted—is the offspring of the Palmach, the commando spearhead of the Haganah underground army that fought both the British and the Arabs under the British mandate that ended in 1948. Today the armed forces largely constitute one great air and ground spearhead geared to lightning thrusts into enemy territory for the purpose of destroying threatening armies. The cardinal rule is to advance whatever the cost, since there is little or no room within Israel in which to retreat. To guarantee that this rule is never broken, the officers are always in front of their men during an attack, rather than to the rear as in other armies. The percentage of officers wounded is thus far greater in the Israeli army than in any other, yet Israel is at no point without qualified leaders, for every man in every unit, down to the lowliest private, is trained to take over and continue the operation without pause until the objective is achieved. During the Six-Day War a private led the assault on Syrian positions after all the officers had been knocked out.

Nor are there rigid guidelines for any operation. The officers or their replacements simply improvise their tactics as the fighting goes on, with every soldier briefed on the progress of all units in the battle so that he will better understand his own assignment and be prepared to lead his unit if necessary. In the attack on Arab Jerusalem in the Six-Day War, the Israeli field commander made the decision on his own to assault several hours earlier than planned when he felt this action was required. Such initiatives may sometimes agitate members of the General Staff, but their anger is usually assuaged by the realization that they have done the same thing in earlier wars. Defense Minister General Moshe Dayan was notoriously independent in the 1948 war that created Israel, thinking nothing of leading a commando attack without bothering to inform his superiors, who, after all, might have objected.

With every soldier an "officer" in a sense, officers receive no special privileges, and dine and live with their men as one of them. Training is equally rigorous for all. The Israeli fighter

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learns to go sleepless for four nights in a row and to sleep no more than four hours when he has time to do so. He learns how to live—and fight—on the skimpiest cold rations. He learns the geography and history of his country by hiking from one end of it to the other, until he can identify almost any hill or landmark in the murkiest darkness. He learns to live on nerve alone, to seek out knife-fights in close-quarter combat because the enemy is considered afraid of such encounters. He learns to stand and die rather than retreat one foot. Remarkably, women soldiers, though given less arduous preparation than the men, are trained, according to Lartéguy, as intensively as male soldiers in the French army.

The Israelis have found their whirlwind, highly flexible tactics well suited to countering those of the Russian-trained Egyptian and Syrian armies, though the excellent soldiers of the British-trained Jordanian Arab Legion are not regarded so lightly. In the Soviet armed forces, junior officers are given very little opportunity for initiative and follow orders without question. On the other hand, high officers are extremely competent at moving their pawns around. While this system may work in Russia, it does not in the Arab states, for there are few competent high staff officers to compensate for the lack of fast-thinking, imaginative junior officers. As a result, the Arabs build fortifications instead of training for offensive warfare; they use tanks as static artillery rather than to spearhead attacks. It is easy for the Israelis to confuse the Arabs simply with a few surprise moves since the Arabs have never been trained to improvise battle plans.

Nor are the Israelis gravely upset by the likelihood of gradual improvement in the Arab armed forces. They have made a decision—to maintain a Jewish State with borders of maximum safety. For good or ill, they will not retreat any more than would an Israeli officer leading his men in battle. As with the officer, the prospect of adversity, even death, cannot be expected to change matters, for the Israelis have been immunized to the fear and pain of disaster.

On a troop bus heading for the Syrian front during the Six-Day War, a soldier who had just come from bloody fighting in Jerusalem and had not slept for three nights casually explained to me: "Well, it's better to die in the desert than in a gas chamber."

Dan Kurzman

Dan Kurzman, who covered the Six-Day War for the Washington Post, is the author of the forthcoming "Genesis 1948: The First Arab-Israeli War."

WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA

by Harrison E. Salisbury

Norton, 224 pp., $4.95

TO THE THOUGHTFUL, it seems obvious that a war of nuclear dimensions between Russia and China would pose incalculable consequences not only for these two countries but for the rest of the world as well. What is perhaps less obvious is how the relations between two supposedly "fraternal" communist powers could have deteriorated over the past decade to the point that such a war is no longer unthinkable. Must it, however, be regarded as inevitable? And, if not, what may influence the rival leadership in Moscow and Peking to steer clear of war?

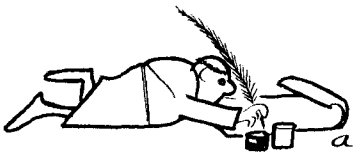
All three of these fundamental questions are addressed in this timely book, whose author, needless to say, possesses exceptional credentials. Not only is Harrison E. Salisbury an astute and widely informed observer, he is one of the few Westerners to view at first-hand in recent years the scene of Russian-Chinese rivalry in the Asian borderlands, where preparations for a possible war are in the making.

In seeking an answer to the first question look not, Salisbury advises us, to explanations couched in terms of a current struggle for primacy within the communist world, but to history. Essentially, the Sino-Soviet dispute of the past decade represents simply the resurfacing of a long historical enmity and clash of national interests (often with ethnic overtones) that runs back for centuries: in the Russian case, to the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century and the subsequent experience of 250 years under the "Tatar yoke," which bred in Russian souls a lasting fear of Eastern conquest; on the Chinese side, to the territorial encroachments of tsarist Russia, which began in the seventeenth century and were capped by the so-called "unequal treaties" forced upon the Ching dynasty 100 years ago.

Although relations between Russia and China were eased momentarily after the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution, the Soviet Union under Stalin proved scarcely less disposed than imperial Russia to take advantage of its weak Chinese neighbor. Stalin's policy, as Salisbury sees it, was aimed at making China viable enough to serve as a counterweight to Japan, but not strong enough to challenge Russia's aspirations as an Asian and Pacific power—an assessment similar to one made some time ago by the late Louis Fischer. Up to the establishment of a Chinese communist régime under Mao in October 1949, Stalin tendered less aid to Mao's movement than to Chiang Kai-shek, demonstrating either a desire to hedge his bets or a readiness to sacrifice the Chinese communist cause to serve Soviet national interests. Mao evidently suspected the latter, which helps to account for the strained and distant relations that existed between Moscow and Peking long before the Sino-Soviet dispute became visible.

Even after the Chinese communists came to power in 1949, collaboration between Moscow and Peking remained far more superficial than the outside world tended to believe. In the negotiations that led to the February 14, 1950, Treaty of Alliance, for example, Stalin treated Mao like a suppliant from a dependent client country; according to Salisbury, the two teetered on the verge of a split at that time. The Korean War that broke out a few months later was another instance of supposedly close collaboration, which, in Salisbury's view, was more likely a "squeeze play" initiated by Stalin and intended to give the Soviet Union leverage to depose Mao in favor of a more compliant man, perhaps Kao Kang, the Manchurian leader who later committed suicide after being charged with separatist ambitions.

Although one may occasionally question Salisbury's interpretation of particular events (the Korean War "squeeze" on Mao, for instance, does not seem to square with the Soviet's



extensive assistance in building up China's armed forces during that period), the over-all picture he draws carries conviction. That is to say, given the deep historical roots of Russian-Chinese enmity, it is not surprising that troubled relations have persisted between the Soviet Union and China despite the fact that both now happen to be states under communist rule, ostensibly sharing a common ideology. Indeed, as Salisbury notes, ideology seems to have had the side effect of lending the Sino-Soviet dispute a quasi-religious fervor.

When it comes down to just why the present issues in this long historical rivalry have become so inflamed that war now seems a serious possibility, Salisbury is necessarily more speculative. Beneath what might be called the danger symptoms of the past few years —repeated border clashes, the military buildup behind the borders, reciprocal accusations of warlike intentions, and all the rest—Salisbury sees certain intractable concerns on both sides. For

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the Chinese, perhaps the main problem stems from a huge population, now approaching a billion, and generating an almost inexorable pressure to expand China's food-producing and economic base. Hence China's irredentist claims on lands wrenched from her by the "unequal treaties," recovery of which would help feed her people and restore her prestige as a great world power.

The Russians, on the other hand, are not only determined to preserve a commanding power position in Asia and suffer emotional affront at irredentist suggestions that the Soviet Far East be dismembered, but they are also concerned that relative Soviet military advantage may diminish with each passing year as China acquires more of the attributes of a nuclear power. Thus, with urging from Soviet military leaders in particular the Kremlin, Salisbury surmises, probably has been weighing the familiar argument: "Better hit them *now* while we have the edge . . . eventually, why not now?"

Does all this mean that war is inevitable? Salisbury gives us a qualified answer: No, but it will become inevitable if the present pattern of events is permitted to continue. And if war does come, there is little doubt in his mind that both sides will turn to nuclear weapons. How then can a fateful collision be headed off?

In Salisbury's view, only the United States has sufficient power and influence to help prevent the outbreak of war. One step might be to promote a Chinese-American rapprochement, which "should put the brakes on precipitous Soviet action." Another might be an imaginative initiative to solve China's food-population crisis through creation of a world food pool and help in developing population-control techniques. Although Salisbury's various proposals for bringing American statesmanship to bear on the situation certainly merit attention, his own diagnosis of the depth of Sino-Soviet differences tends at the same time to suggest that the dispute may be essentially impervious to outside influence.

Indeed, one might suppose that the best chances of staving off a catastrophe lie in self-imposed restraints. Despite a long record of conflict and rivalry, Russia and China have never fought a major war. The border negotiations into which they entered in October 1969 (after Salisbury's book had gone to press) again exemplify, perhaps, a built-in tendency to stop short of war. Even the Soviet military may be less hawkish about tackling China than Salisbury assumes. It is noteworthy, for example, that the Soviet military press was slow to introduce the Chinese "threat" as a rationale for greater defense preparations, while the hints in August 1969 of possible nuclear strikes against China's atomic installations—the purpose of which may have been to coerce Peking into border talks—emanated from nonmilitary Soviet sources.

Finally, to mention another restraint that may carry more weight than Salisbury has given it, there is the fundamental tenet of Marxism-Leninism that war is a product of the capitalist order, theoretically impossible between communist states. The damage this concept would suffer, along with enormous human and material costs, could count significantly in preventing a war between Russia and China.

Thomas W. Wolfe

Thomas W. Wolfe, long a student of Soviet affairs, is a senior staff member of The RAND Corporation.

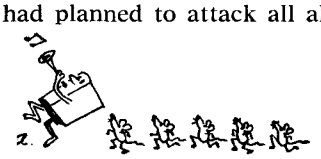
INTERVENTION

by Isaac Don Levine
McKay, 152 pp., $4.95

WHY DID THE SOVIET UNION intervene in Czechoslovakia in 1968? This is the central question which Isaac Don Levine seeks to explore in his latest book. Of the spate of volumes and articles that the Czech crisis has generated, this is one of the less satisfactory but more challenging.

Levine, a veteran journalist and analyst of Soviet affairs, has experience in espousing difficult or improbable causes. In his *Stalin's Great Secret*, for instance, he sought to show that Stalin had been a secret agent of the tsarist Okhrana. If his present thesis is less sensational, it is nonetheless quite at variance with the prevalent view: he argues that "the main reason for the Soviet action was strategic and military," not political. Wisely, he has focused on the Soviet side of the problem. Instead of repeating the story, well told in other books, of the euphoria and experimentation in Dubcek's Czechoslovakia, he explores the Soviet efforts successively to control, contain, cow, and crush the reform movement which in 1968 moved to "humanize" and "democratize" the régime in Prague. But because he neglects developments within Czechoslovakia, the resulting picture is significantly out of focus.

Levine soundly discounts as untenable various hypotheses which have been advanced to explain the Soviet occupation in August 1968: that Moscow had planned to attack all along;



that it intervened as a result of Walter Ulbricht's pressure; that it acted in panicky response to the prospect of a Yugoslav-Rumanian-Czechoslovak alliance. So far, so good. But he also dismisses as an "illusion" the view that "at the bottom of the rapidly maturing crisis was the issue of orthodox *vs.* reform communism." Instead, Levine maintains, the key to Soviet action is to be found in the determination of the Soviet military—evidently obsessed by fear of West Germany—to station troops in Czechoslovakia.

The West German bogey was widely used in the Soviet propaganda barrage in defense of the intervention. But the case—and Levine makes it as good as it can be made—hardly stands close scrutiny. If indeed Moscow was prepared to go to great lengths for this purpose, it would have succeeded far more easily during all the years prior to Novotny's ouster, when Prague was ruled by pliant tools of the Soviet Union. Morover, much the same arguments and difficulties that the Czechs made in 1968 with regard to the Warsaw Pact had been advanced by the Rumanians for some four years without provoking a Soviet occupation.

What distinguished the Czech assertion of autonomy in 1968 from the Rumanian in 1964 (and the Yugoslav in 1948) was the challenge which the simultaneous reforms inside the country constituted for the Soviet Party apparatus. At a time when the Communist Party's hegemony and central control were increasingly under fire from various quarters within the Soviet Union, the insecure Party bureaucracy in Moscow watched "fraternal parties" one after the other abandon the vital Leninist commitment to the Party's monopoly of power: in China, in Yugoslavia, in Cuba, in the Italian and other Western Communist Parties. At such a moment the Czechoslovak crisis dramatically supplied a viable alternative model of a pluralist communist system that guaranteed freedom of speech and press, pledged to tolerate dissent without penalties, and abandoned the ruling party's claim to omniscience and omnipotence.

Moscow clearly hesitated, uncertain whether the price of tolerance was greater than the price of suppression. In the end, it proved to be most worried about the contagious potential of the Czech alternative. In its exchanges with Prague, prior to the invasion, Moscow made clear its concern over the dismantling of the Party's "leading role," Party discipline, and Party censorship. More broadly, as the Polish Party organ was to declare later that year, the crux of the matter was that the Dubcek régime "inclined to the

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Personal History

THE BYRDS OF VIRGINIA: An American Dynasty, 1670 to the Present

by Alden Hatch

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 535 pp., $10

NOT THE LEAST among hazards facing the biographer is that kind of overexposure to his subject which results either in uncritical empathy or in outright apology or rationalization. In his ambitious biography of Virginia's celebrated Byrd family — from the first William's arrival in the royal dominion in 1670 to the demise of Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr., and his well-oiled "machine" in 1966—Alden Hatch, with one major exception, has avoided these pitfalls. Excluding, for a moment, his chapters on the late Senator, Mr. Hatch has written a book of immense historical thrust and uncommon balance.

It was no easy assignment. To tell the 300-year-old story of the Byrds is, after all, to tell the story of Virginia. To tell Virginia's story—its advance from an Indian-haunted frontier royal colony to an industrialized state—is to tell, in something more than microcosm, the story of America. Mr. Hatch is equal to his tasks. His book is a pleasant synthesis of factual detail and narrative color, illumined by anecdotes, and—in the case of the later Byrds—by thoughtful interviews with surviving kin.

Mr. Hatch's account of the rise of the first William from the status of middle-class immigrant trader to the neo-aristocratic status of president of the King's Council—the highest political post to which a Virginian colonial could then aspire — is entirely absorbing, touching as it does on the colonists' intensifying struggle with an obdurate Crown, the perennially exciting story of Bacon's Rebellion, and the building of Williamsburg. Similarly, Hatch draws a persuasive portrait of the Byrds' political ambivalence during the Revolution, torn as they were between a residual Toryism and patriotic realism. The Byrds' hospitality to a visiting British general named Benedict Arnold did not sit well with Tidewater rebels, and ultimately forced the family into the Shenandoah Valley, where they managed a new start and later re-established their patriotic credentials under the Confederacy.

Most distinguished among Hatch's biographical vignettes, however, is his study of the second William (1674-1744), the at once antic and erudite "Black Swan of Virginia." Educated in England, from boyhood to young manhood, "William II" cut a cavalier figure there, carousing and exchanging quips with the dramatists Wycherley and Congreve, with future dukes and earls and at least one prime minister. Adept at Hebrew, Greek, and Latin at fifteen, admitted to the British bar at twenty-one and to the Royal Society the next year, Byrd returned home to begin a lifetime of political machinations that would provide a useful prototype for his twentieth-century heirs. Named in 1691 to the House of Burgesses, the twenty-three-year-old Byrd was soon back in England, representing before the Board of Trade the interests of Virginia, which, perhaps more often than not, he equated with his own.

Bawdy passages from William's secret diary and letters make it clear that he was about a good deal more than Virginia's business. The more visceral evidences of the Black Swan's arrant braggadocio and erotic caprice resist quoting here. It need only be noted that the charms of this self-styled "first gentleman of Virginia" were lost least of all upon himself. "Never," he declared, "did the sun shine upon a Swain who had more combustible matter in his constitution . . . Love broke upon him before his Beard, and he cou'd distinguish sexes long before he cou'd the difference between Good and Evil . . ."

Byrd reveled in London's urban joys, drifting gaily down the Thames "by starlight, eating lobster and tongue, which [his party] washed down with burgundy and champagne," or barreling from one English manor to another in an elegant chariot emblazoned with the Byrd coat-of-arms and drawn by six horses—all in a style that would have graced the court of Louis XIV, at which, in fact, Byrd was received. He savored his creature comforts no less at home than abroad. His handsome new estate, Westover on the James, echoed to the sound of laughter, good talk, the minuet and the reel. Later, rather coarsely after London lobster, he would pronounce bears' paws "the greatest delicacy" provided one could ignore the fact that when skinned they looked like human feet. Byrd maintained a lifelong interest in the classics and in science, poking about his immense, largely imported library. To the end of his life he corresponded with scholars and statesmen and contributed articles to scholarly journals.

Not until the twentieth century, in the person of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, did the family again win acclaim. No one who has read *Skyward* or *Alone* need be reminded of the admiral's polar exploits or his courage against great odds, from killer whales to cracking ice floes. What Hatch's low-keyed portrait reveals, at least to this reviewer, is a depth, a sensitivity in the baron of "Little America," a kind of mysticism behind that beaming, handsome,

—From the book.

William Byrd II—"the at once antic and erudite 'Black Swan of Virginia.'"

parka-framed face, which one had missed or forgotten. Some of Hatch's best passages convey Byrd's spiritual awe under the polar stars, "so close that Byrd felt he could reach up and gather them in like shiny pebbles," and his sheer wonder as he stood looking up at that "pulsating curtain of colored fire" the Aurora Australis.

Mr. Hatch's concluding chapters, those dealing with the late Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr., are by turns embarrassingly rhetorical, omissive, hurried, or simply naïve. Mr. Hatch appears at pains, despite his own obviously progressive bias, to resist stern judgment of the controversial senator, to portray him as a twentieth-century cavalier governed by a "chivalric code" vaguely comparable to his ancestors'. An example of that code in action, Hatch suggests, was Byrd's candor as chairman of the immensely powerful Senate Finance Committee in processing the Medicare bill, which struck Byrd as nothing less than apocalyptic socialism. Byrd, Hatch insists, was too honorable to bottle the measure up, in the manner of Howard Smith of the House Rules Committee. He simply contrived lengthy hearings to put off action on the health plan. The moral distinction between these delaying tactics is lost on this reviewer. Further, Hatch is less than vigorous in depicting Byrd's role as a prime architect of that alliance of unabashedly racist right-wing Democrats and Republicans which has aborted or crippled progressive legislation at least as far back as Harry Truman and is still hard at work repealing the twentieth century.

One is at pains, again, to discern Virginian chivalry in what Hatch concedes was the senator's "personal vendetta" against Earl Warren for the High Court's 1954 decision on segrega-

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tion. The systematic assault on what Byrd himself called "the Warren Court" was one of the most disgraceful chapters in American history, and no amount of pious cant about states' rights or constitutionalism can redeem the racists involved in it. Similarly, there would appear little in Byrd's 1952 campaign slogan, "Vote American. Return Harry F. Byrd, Sr., to the United States Senate," which Hatch cites himself, to support Hatch's histrionic conclusion that Byrd "ennobled American politics."

Harry Byrd's courtliness, his antebellum paternalism toward blacks and poor whites, and his sheer spunk in building his apple orchard fortune through hard work and marketing vision have never been at issue, nor has the admiration Virginians felt for him. Harry Flood Byrd, Sr.'s political principles and the tragic limitations of his social vision, however, have been and will remain very much at issue. It is as a political power, as a maker and shaper of public policy, not as a rosy-cheeked, white-suited granddaddy benevolent among the magnolias, that the late senator must—and will—be judged by history. One regretfully concludes that in an effort to understand his world-view, Mr. Hatch comes frightfully close to condoning it. In an otherwise engaging biography the lapse is all the more lamentable.

Wilson Sullivan

Wilson Sullivan, presidential biographer and critic, is a student of the American colonial and Revolutionary periods.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1383

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1383 will be found in the next issue.

Y BYSWR SYMO BA EYQO QUV

BA QVYOHK, CPR WO'K COR-

ROV HUR FTL BO RU KU PZ F

ZFVIOE. —E. Z. TBYRW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1382

If we had no faults, we should take less pleasure in noticing those of others. —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

ETHAN ALLEN: Frontier Rebel

by Charles A. Jellison

Syracuse University Press, 360 pp., $9.95

ETHAN ALLEN WAS THE FIRST of the genuine American frontier heroes, and yet he exemplified what is both best and worst in our national heritage. His career, as Professor Charles Jellison competently sketches it, seems fuller than the fifty years of his life (1738-1789) could have permitted.

Born in the tiny western Connecticut town of Litchfield, Allen spent his early years as the operator of an iron works and a lead mine, but his restlessness soon transformed him into a peripatetic farmer, hunter, and, above all, land speculator. His wanderings carried him north along the Connecticut River valley into what is now southern Vermont.

Like a good many other Connecticut men, Allen was attracted to the area by the cheapness and availability of land—and, no doubt, by the absence of any effective provincial government. This situation had developed out of the contest between the colonies of New York and New Hampshire over the ownership of the area between the Connecticut and Hudson-Champlain valleys; most of the settlers held their lands on the basis of legally questionable New Hampshire grants, which the government of New York ceaselessly attempted to undermine. Ethan Allen's middle years were therefore spent in an effort to lead legal and military counterthrusts of settlers of the "Grants" against New York challenges.

The Green Mountain Boys were organized by Allen as a vigilante defense association, once it became clear that neither the courts of New York nor the British imperial authorities were likely to confirm the New Hampshire grants. A highly disciplined and occasionally brutal outfit, the Green Mountain Boys were immediately effective in frightening Yorkers out of the Grants, and they later became famous when, under Allen's leadership, they captured Fort Ticonderoga at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Ticonderoga also won Ethan Allen a place in the pantheon of American military heroes, despite the fact that the British had failed to resist the attack, and that all Allen's subsequent expeditions ended disastrously.

Allen was captured while leading a foray against Montreal in 1775, and spent most of the war in British prison hulks. He was nevertheless given a hero's welcome in 1778 upon his return to the Grants, which had since been declared the Republic of Vermont. For the next few years he tried to gain admission for Vermont to the new American union—or, alternatively, to persuade Vermonters to abandon the thirteen colonies and strike a better bargain by rejoining the British empire.

Luckily for those of us who spend the Fourth of July in the Green Mountains, Allen's halting efforts at treason came to naught. Neither did he quite succeed in making a place for himself in the government of the new republic, but he remained a man of immense influence in his adopted state, and his land speculations proliferated. Always a scribbler with a desire to see his name in print, he added a final dimension to his renown with the publication in 1785 of a Deist attack on revealed religions, *Reason the Only Oracle of Man*, which is still famous as *Allen's Bible*.

Jellison presents Allen as a study in contrasts: courageous, intelligent, forgiving, strong of body, and at the same time crude, ruthless, avaricious, self-advertising, and treacherous. The good qualities have secured Ethan Allen's recognition as an American folk-hero; the defects have delighted a small group of debunkers. While it adds little that is new to the historical literature on the period, this biography strikes a good balance and gives us the most accurate account to date.

Although the author seems unaware of it, *Ethan Allen* hints at some of the basic contradictions in our national heritage by depicting a man who variously combined attributes of George Washington, Natty Bumppo, Huckleberry Finn, Jesse James, and William Tecumseh Sherman. In a country torn between humanitarianism and destruction, Ethan Allen is worth thinking about.

Stanley N. Katz

Stanley N. Katz, professor of American history at the University of Wisconsin, wrote "Newcastle's New York."

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Saul Bellow

Continued from page 28

hasty, lacking adequacy not only to the mind of the protester, but to the situation itself (no trace of the counterforces and conflict that develop within audiences at any public shoutdown).

The effort to create a significant challenge to the Gruner children in the person of their father is even less telling. Sammler's claim is that his friend understood the human contract (life is only briefly lent to us), and was a kind man. But the presentation of the surgeon elsewhere hardly supports the attempt to elevate him before his children. Elya Gruner is good-hearted but timid, cynical, self-indulgent, trivial-minded, committed most fully to Respectability, Money, and a new Rolls next year.

In sum: the novelist attempts to use one character simultaneously as a voice of derision, a cataloguer of fools, and as a source of comprehensive moral and social wisdom. By thus inflating his enterprise, he obliges himself to overprotect his sage, weaken his own rejection of the dogmas of possibility, and bring forth news of the world that isn't merely partial (partiality could have been a strength, in other circumstances) but narrow, tight, even at moments mean.

What follows from this on the matter of moral authority in books? Not total depression, surely. If no sage, not even Sammler deserves exemption from a creator's critical examination, no cultural revolution, no human direction, deserves exemption either. Clear images of the perversion and sentimentalization of brains and hope—whether they're called Gruner or Feffer, Shadwell or Cibber—are valuable. But the question does arise whether, in what is left of high literary culture, hostile and suspicious responses to themes of possibility haven't lately become a kind of fixed obligation, expressive of a pinched acquiescence in is-ness, a fear of that openness on behalf of which great wars of poetry were once fought.

As Sammler would say, the subject doesn't lend itself to "short views." It's helpful, for instance, to know that Wallace Gruner is among the hazards on our course: thanks to the chart-maker for his alertness. But it's wrong, is it not, to imply that because the hazard exists, the course is ridiculous? Or again: it's likely that Saul Bellow may have been pushed into intolerance by the cliché-mongering protesters rumored to have told him at a White House party that "having made you, we can break you." But it must be remembered that the love of, and need for, negative words run deep in literary minds in all ages. (Most good prose, Ezra Pound wrote, *arises* "from an instinct of negation: in the detailed, convincing analysis of something detestable, of something which one wants to eliminate.")

After these and the other appropriate arguments, qualifications, rationalizations, etc., have been roughed out, no conclusion, only a reprise: the instinct for openness, for a "world of possibility," seemingly isn't standard equipment for the late-twentieth-century literary mind. Grasping that within the human effort to make men new there could be something more than a self-destructive urge, meeting with no trace of hatred or scorn our will to transcend an unsatisfactory humanity, our desire to feel forward toward a more habitable life—these acts would constitute on literary turf a breakthrough, a precedent, a New Record. Just at the moment the writer who is to set that record isn't, regrettably, in easy sight.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Hd (*Prisoner of Chillon*), 2If (*Shropshire Lad*, viii), 3Dj (*She Dwelt . . .*), 4Fb (*Sohrab and Rustum*), 5Gi (*God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop*), 6Bg (*To the Memory of . . . Shakespeare*), 7Ja (*Bonnie and George Campbell*), 8Eh (*Hiawatha*, iv), 9Cc (*Tam O'Shanter*), 10Ae (*Kubla Khan*).

A FAIRLY HONOURABLE DEFEAT

by Iris Murdoch
Viking, 436 pp., $6.95

IN HER WITTY, ANGULAR thirteenth novel Iris Murdoch catalogues anew the vagaries of love. As before, her fiction cloaks a set of abstractions in fashionable Mayfair garb.

Celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary over a bottle of champagne in their Chelsea garden, Rupert and Hilda Foster set up the author's chessboard in a chapter of dialogue that might have been snipped from a tape recorder. As they sip complacently, the Fosters worry aloud about 1) her sister Morgan, en route home from an adulterous interlude in the United States; 2) his brother Simon, homosexual partner of 3) Axel, who is Rupert's colleague in the foreign office; 4) the Fosters' son Peter, a self-made bum and Cambridge dropout; 5) Hilda's brother-in-law, an ineffectual social reformer, and 6) Rupert's brilliant friend Julius, who is also Morgan's ex-lover.

Glowing with wine and connubial bliss, Rupert and Hilda map a strategy for protecting these various injured friends and relations from each other. But "god" is a game that any number can play. Within hours, a set of absurd accidents begins to effect confrontations.

Both by word and deed, these eight pawns in Miss Murdoch's game explore the ancient theme whenever they meet. While swearing lip-service to instinct, all rely heavily on cerebration. "Love should be without fear," says one, meanwhile trembling mightily. "Love ought to be undignified, extravagant," reasons the most repressed and formal of the lovers. Thus, a series of antitheses assumes flesh. Love is heterosexual-homosexual, marital-adulterous, sadistic-masochistic, active-passive, violent-tender, malevolent-benign, redemptive-damning, deserved-undeserved, obsessive-rational. It can unite —or divide—husband and wife, father and son, sister and sister, brother and brother.

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ideas about "reality" and "freedom." "Better the real world, however shabby, than . . . high-minded illusion," proclaims one. "I have to be . . . free, free, free," shouts another. While loudly asserting such claims, most of the lovers are busy constructing dreams to enhance their enslavement.

In Murdochland all humans are caught in such nets of fantasy and may also be manipulated by an "enchanter." Here, the enigmatic—perhaps satanic—role of puppet-master is assigned to Julius, the scientist whose eerie detachment has been shown in his affair with Morgan. "Human beings . . . never really see each other at all," Julius tells his former mistress, then offers her a sporting bet. "There is no relationship . . . which cannot be broken . . ."

Julius, creator of bacteriological weapons in the laboratory, introduces the germ of mistrust in what he describes as a controlled experiment. His results cast doubt on the efficacy of love and science alike. Death and upheavals prove his hypothesis that "there are no perfect marriages," at the same time reminding us that in real life nerve gases have been known to leak.

Brilliantly executed, this often somber comedy of manners displays in full inventory the strengths and weaknesses for which Miss Murdoch is known. Audacious in concept, her plot advances by a series of deft, amusing, and ironic tableaux, to which eye and ear both contribute authenticity. Yet the whole is clearly a contrivance, a theorem, tracing the shortest distance between

two exposed nerves. Readers who prefer organic form, deep psychological probes, or poetic sensibility may very well object.

By the same token, readers who see fiction as a vehicle for ideas will find the latter in abundance, smartly packaged. The author, who began her professional life as a philosophy teacher, essentially remains one. Although her characters often pay homage to instinct, Miss Murdoch herself rarely succumbs to the demonic forces in nature. Her artistic ancestry includes Pascal and Euclid as well as Jane Austen and Ivy Compton-Burnett. When she severs heads, Iris Murdoch uses the double-edged sword of wit and logic.

Glendy Culligan

Glendy Culligan, former book review editor of the Washington Post, teaches literature at Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland.

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Those Substantial Licensees

IN A RECENT modification of the statutory framework that governs broadcast licensing, the FCC played an intriguing game with semantics in which it pitted the word "better" against such substitutes as "substantial," "solid," "strong," "ample"—all to the detriment of the public interest.

In *Policy Statement on Comparative Hearings Involving Regular Renewal Applicants,* the commission said that it will renew the license of an incumbent broadcaster who can show that his program service has been "substantially attuned to meeting the needs and interests" of his area, instead of taking the contested channel from him and awarding it to a new applicant who would be willing to do a "better" job of program service. The concept of "better" service is what Congress intended in the 1934 Communications Act. The idea was to promote competition and get the best service possible. No one should have a permanent right to a license; a new entrant who proposes to exceed the incumbent's level of performance should win the license no matter how excellent the past record has been.

The commission, in replacing "better" with "substantial" (the latter undefined, not even quantitatively), reasons that it is unfair to the incumbent who has rendered substantial service to have his license captured by an applicant who merely *promises* something better. Fly-by-night entrants can promise the stars and not deliver, or give the property a quick milking and run. If the "solid" broadcaster can't be protected, the FCC's reasoning runs, chaos will reign; the industry's financial underpinnings will erode; the public interest will suffer. Predictability and stability of operation, the FCC decided, win against the benefits of the unadulterated statutory spur. Even Commissioner Nicholas Johnson (the lone dissenter in a 6-1 decision) says that there may be small gains under the new policy: Given "harsh political reality," it is a "negotiated compromise of sorts." He dissents "with no feelings save understanding, frustration, and sorrow. . . ."

What it all means is that—in an admittedly tangled web of complexities—the FCC has taken the position that the money stakes in licenses have grown too high, never mind what Congress intended in 1934. The operators are entitled to reasonable protection; therefore, keep the better licensees in business permanently and try to bring the poor performers up to that "substantial" level. It would have been more accurate to say that there really are no fly-by-nights. Even the FCC policy statement notes that it requires a lot of money to qualify for a license; furthermore, the commission can detect and knock out fly-by-nights very quickly.

But suppose an incumbent who is doing a substantial job is challenged by a new applicant who says he can do a better one. There could still be a comparative hearing (as the statutory scheme provides) in which all the relevant issues are weighed. The FCC, after considering the full spectrum of issues, performances, promise, cross-ownership, diversification, minority representation, could then determine whether incumbent or applicant would better serve the public interest. If the new entrant wins the license, the FCC might require him to purchase from the loser the necessary properties involved in the operation—at reasonable cost—thus protecting the incumbent from unwarranted financial loss in the transfer. This requirement would preserve the sharpness of the competitive spur.

As it is, that spur is dulled. Under the new policy, as with the old, a hearing is set when a challenge is filed, but the new hearing, unlike the old, is divided into two parts. In the first, the challenger cannot propose his better service; he can only try to show that the incumbent's service has not been substantially attuned to the needs and interests of his community. The hearing is restricted. If the FCC examiner quickly decides that the incumbent has performed solidly (again, standards are vaguely defined), the hearing is summarily terminated and the license is renewed.

The hearing enters phase two only if the examiner finds less than substantial service or if the case is close. Only then are all the relevant issues examined and the better service question considered. It is difficult to see how any objective judgment can be made within the restricted confines of the present hearing procedure. Adequate determination can be made only if the challenger is permitted to point out unmet needs and to say precisely how he will meet them.

Even the commission concedes that its formula lacks "mathematical pre-

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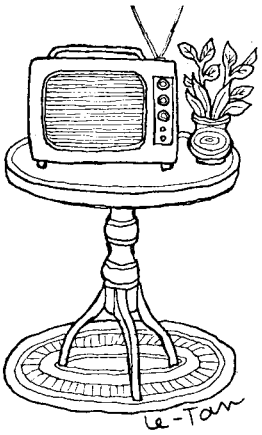
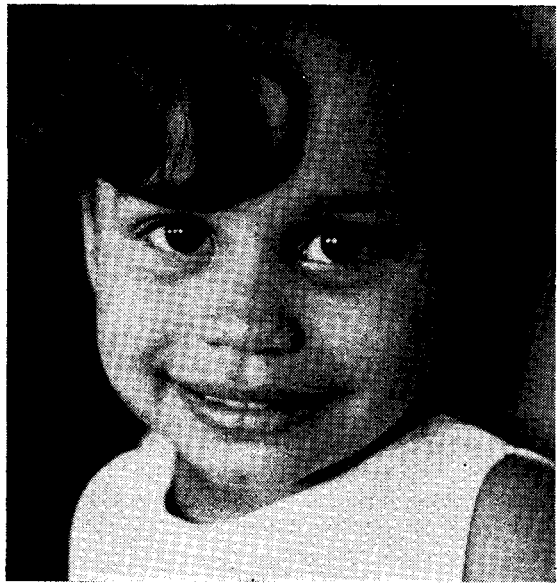
cision." It asserts that the details can be hammered out in future cases, given the good faith of all parties, including the interested public. Perhaps—but in dulling the competitive spur in favor of protecting the industry, the FCC leaned in the wrong direction. It gave the broadcast lobby the better and left the public with the substandard. The commission acted to bail out Congress, after Senator John O. Pastore's bill, aimed at killing license challenges and comparative hearings altogether, ran into stiff and unexpected opposition from citizen groups, including representatives of the black community, who dubbed it a racist measure. Leading the fight against the Pastore bill (now quietly dead) were Black Efforts for Soul in Television (BEST), the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, the United Church of Christ, the newly formed Citizens' Communications Center in Washington, D.C., and Action for Children's Television (ACT), a Boston mothers' group.



BEST and the Citizens Communications Center have challenged in the courts the legality of the FCC policy statement as a device to make substantive law. The center's director, Albert H. Kramer, has asked why the commission did not elect to hold open hearings so that the public could be heard on this controversial matter of great importance. The FCC might reply that it did not make new policy; it merely interpreted an old policy. The organizations that successfully opposed the Pastore bill might now consider joining in the new court fight, to see that the public interest is more widely represented. The new FCC policy at least provides for restricted hearings in license challenges. But in creating or clarifying the new procedures, the commission acted without any hearings. In that sense it went as much against the public interest as the Pastore bill sought unsuccessfully to do.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 14: phraser, harpers, sharper.

She Needs Your Love...



Little Rosetta doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance . . . her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot earn enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, yet receive the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Rosetta in countries around the world? Here are some answers to your questions:

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children? A. Since 1938.

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors? A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Voices and Challenges; Shostakovich No. 13

OPTIONS ABOUNDED on the recent evening when Lincoln Center provided *Der Fliegende Holländer* under Karl Böhm's direction in the Metropolitan (the first Wagner work of the season and very likely the only one); a concert version of *Götterdämmerung* with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein in Philharmonic Hall; and a song recital by Anneliese Rothenberger in Alice Tully Hall. Given a careful consideration of time values, a way of hearing representative portions of each could be arrived at.

When all the offerings had been sampled and some arrangement of plusses and minuses been compiled, the oddity emerged that, despite all the variations of surroundings, the issue in each instance related to voices and challenges, well met, half met, or ill met. In one category of effort there were such experienced, able artists as Leonie Rysanek (Senta in "The Dutchman") and Eileen Farrell (Brünnhilde in the *Götterdämmerung* excerpts) working with full effectiveness at congenial tasks. In another category were William Dooley as The Dutchman, aiming for but not quite achieving the distinction that came more readily to John Macurdy as Daland, and Jess Thomas endeavoring to make a tenor sound adequate for Walther von Stolzing serve the needs of the older Siegfried.

With Miss Rothenberger, the issue was somewhat different. She had selected a choice program of Gluck ("O del mio dolce ardor"), Mozart (four of the best-known songs), the two for Klärchen in Beethoven's incidental music to *Egmont*, and a brace of Wolf, followed by Debussy, Barber, and Strauss. She has, if it need be restated, an acute musical intelligence, a shrewd way of engaging an audience in what she is doing, and thoroughgoing artistry. Her limitation on this occasion was undependable vocal response.

The upper compass of what might be called her Sophie voice is as pure, agile, and responsive as ever. When it was matched with music of suitable range of character (Mozart's "Warnung" or Wolf's "Elfenlied"), the results were all excellence and evenness. But one cannot make an evening exclusively of such songs, and, in the others that had to be included for balance and variety (Mozart's "Abendempfindung," Beethoven's "Die Trommel gerühret," or Wolf's "Das verlassene Mägdlein"), Miss Rothenberger too often became involved with a vibrato (in the middle register) that sometimes verged on a tremolo. The immediate thought was: Is this the price she must pay for the well-deserved acclaim she earned for her impersonation of Berg's Lulu? Here, too, the question of voices and challenges intruded. It would not be the first time that an excellent singer, such as Miss Rothenberger, put herself out to solve one challenge only to find that it left her vulnerable to others. Norman Shetler served Miss Rothenberger well, if a little ostentatiously, at the piano.

By an almost inexorable progression, the path back to Philharmonic Hall led to some similar considerations related to Jess Thomas and his first effort in New York with the music of the elder Siegfried. As heard during the evening, in the quieter moments of the third-act monologue, Thomas recalled the hero's love for Brünnhilde with manly warmth and poetic feeling. But in anything that verged on the heroic, he was all too obviously pushing for volume and, as obviously, not making the fervent, vibrant kind of sound required. At a return visit the following afternoon for the earlier episodes, Thomas showed admirable recuperative powers to carry on the opening and closing duets of Act I, but it was all in the area of sheer endurance unrelated to a sound suitable for the character.

By contrast, Farrell's massive instrument is, perhaps, richer and more womanly in sound than ever. Both the first-act episodes and the "Immolation" were magnificently formulated, enriched by a climate of emotion uniquely her own. That she chose to settle for an A flat rather than the top C Wagner wrote on the final *"Heil"* was doubtless related to the need for meeting this challenge four times in five days. This was, by any standard (Flagstad, Nilsson, Traubel, whatever) the real, 100 per cent vocal article, direct and authentic. It was not nearly matched by the showy, less than profound effort of Bernstein, who is currently trying to make an attentive eye for the score atone for what he lacks in an operatic ear for the music. Each is good, but a combination of the two is better.

Returning to the A theme of this repertorial rondo, it may be noted that Böhm's feeling for "The Dutchman" has not waned, that it remains an artistic affirmation worth anybody's attention. In what I heard this time, Macurdy's richly resonant Daland qualified him for ascension to the top level of achievement in this role, and George Shirley's tenor sound as the Steersman suggested a broadening of his ability, artistic as well as vocal, to deal with such matters. Dooley's Dutchman, well studied and physically impressive, sounded dry and vocally constricted.

Eugene Ormandy's enterprise in seeking out the means for a first performance here of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 13 (neither score nor parts of this work of 1962 are available through ordinary channels) provided one of the absorbing occasions of the season. This is not alone because the "symphony" is actually a five-part sequence of settings utilizing texts of Yevgeny Yevtushenko, including the celebrated "Babi Yar," but also because it reveals the composer in another round of his mortal combat with bureaucracy, governmental proscription, and esthetic restriction. (See *SR*, RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, March 30, 1968.)

There is no small significance in Shostakovich's choice of the classic Russian combination of male bass voice and chorus to expound Yevtushenko's nonconformist commentaries on Soviet attitudes toward anti-Semitism, insufficiencies of consumer goods, and the peril of complaint. The artistic credo that affiliates poet and composer is expressed in the words: "Talent is talent, no matter what. The defamers are forgotten, only the defamed are remembered." Though the use of a Russian text was of doubtful utility, soloist Tom Krause made an eloquent plea in behalf of the work's merits, and the ensemble effort under Ormandy was not merely contributory but incendiary. The heat carried over to the subsequent playing of the Brahms Concerto in which Yehudi Menuhin was the violin soloist.

A three-concert visit (at the end of an Eastern American tour) to Carnegie Hall by the London Symphony brought some generally good goods, or bonbons, such as Vladimir Ashkenazy's playing at each occasion of a Beethoven concerto, also a specific one. This was, appropriate to the current mode, the exposition of a theme utilized by Beethoven in his Second Sonata of Opus 49 as well as in the Septet, Opus 20, in a series of variations by Wilfred Josephs. The announcement of the theme in an orchestral garb decorated with brilliants from the xylophone established Josephs's purpose as nonponderous in the spirit of the theme itself. The workmanship and fantasy in the succeeding variants were well defined by conductor Andre Previn.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

M as in Mature

ONE OF the difficulties that Jack Valenti is experiencing in his administration of the industry's new Production Code and its letter ratings is the rather imprecise line between a G film (for general audiences) and an M film (for mature ones). Part of this imprecision is on the community level; in some states, sixteen is the threshold to maturity, while elsewhere one must wait until eighteen for the great crossing over. But a more basic confusion is the code administrators' curious guidelines as to what constitutes a film that is suitable for a general, or family, audience. They seem to rate pictures largely in terms of visible nudity and sexual play. No nudity, G; some nudity, M; lots of nudity, R—and so on.

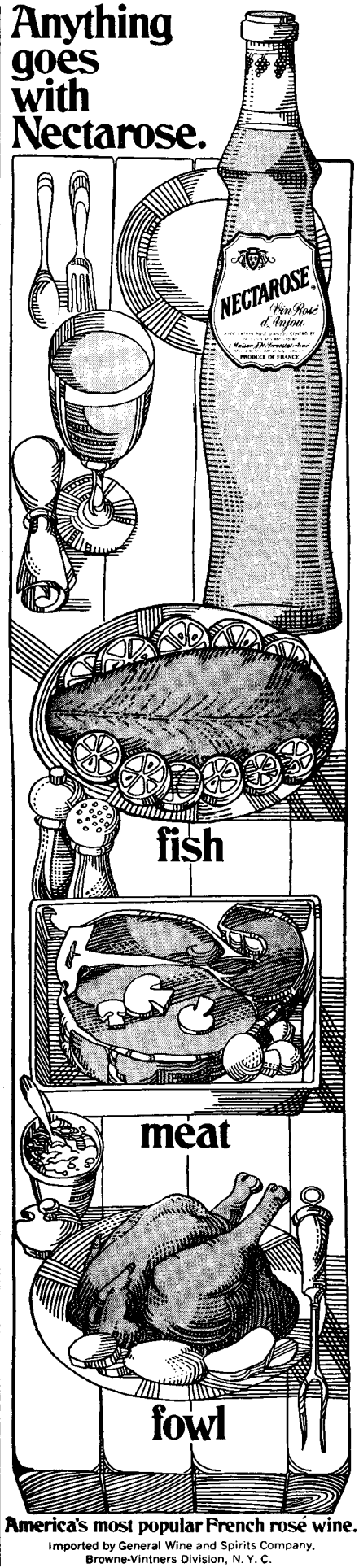
Now, this may make for a handy rule of thumb, but it has little relevance to any question of true maturity; and I offer in evidence a new film from France with the rather titillating title *My Night at Maud's* (*Ma Nuit chez Maud*). In it there is not a moment of nudity—although, to be fair, Maud does announce her preference for sleeping in the nude, and presumably does so on the night in question. It's a cold night, however, and she sleeps with the blankets pulled tight about her shoulders. She even shares her bed with the philosophical young engineer who is the hero of the film—but he has his own blanket and sleeps above her covers.

But do these niceties make *My Night at Maud's* a film for a general audience? Not at all. Indeed, it is probably the most thoroughly mature film that has come to the screen in years. There is nothing in the picture that the kiddies shouldn't hear, but by the same token there is precious little in it that they would understand. For that matter, a good many adults who normally go to the movies for a few hours of harmless, painless entertainment might well find themselves confused and bored by it. Its appeal is intellectual, delighting in paradox, contradiction, dialectic, and "mathematical expectation," which makes the film's neat and unlikely finale seem not illogical.

The setting is a provincial town in France, neither drab nor picturesque, whose life revolves about the church and the university. To it has come, from Vancouver and Valparaiso, an engineer who is a devout Catholic and student of Pascal. (The *Pensées* figure importantly throughout the film.) He meets an old friend, now a professor of philosophy at the university and a Marxist. They talk, attend concerts, and ultimately visit Maud, an attractive divorcée and an atheist. More talk, and in a spirit of gamesmanship (and also to bring to a conclusion his own, unsatisfactory affair with the woman) the professor arranges to have his friend spend the night with Maud. However, the engineer had been pursuing a blonde and, quite unexpectedly, runs into her on his way home from Maud's. Maud leaves town; he marries the blonde.

Obviously, as story, this is pretty thin stuff. But, as written and directed by Eric Rohmer, the story is little more than a skeleton upon which to hang his philosophical observations. The result is not unlike a Shaw play, with acuteness of perception and precision of logic substituting for wit. And even this might be dismissed as having little to do with cinema were it not for the entrancing, underplayed performances of Jean-Louis Trintignant, Françoise Fabian, and Antoine Vitez in the three central roles; and, more especially, Rohmer's own uncanny instinct for where the camera should be looking and for how long—and how to keep a background alive while we still concentrate on the word. (Special mention should be made of associate producer Pierre Cottrell's superb titling job, compressing complex ideas into brief, clear subtitles.) *My Night at Maud's* may be caviar for the general (or G), but for that mature (or M) audience, it is pure Malisol.

Another imported delight is a gentle, modest, exceedingly droll little comedy from Czechoslovakia entitled *Intimate Lighting*. A first film by Ivan Passer (who scripted the successful *Loves of a Blonde*), it reflects that same outpouring of humanism that for a season or two, before the "freeze," pervaded so much of the Czech cinema. Passer's own approach combines this with the kind of wry observation of human foibles and downright foolishness that characterized the early René Clair comedies. The picture seemingly has something to do with a cellist from Prague who arrives with his mistress to give a concert in his home town, the concert to be presided over by an old school friend who now heads the local conservatory. Little happens in the way of plot but everything in the way of people. Since the film was completed four years ago, one can only wonder if the life depicted is still so earthy and carefree. And hope.



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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"The Sunbeam Will Outlast Us All"

EVANSTON, ILL.

IN THE DAYS when Sybil Shearer elected to depart briefly from her beloved Middle West for rare appearances in New York City (and she gave precious little warning of an impending arrival), the dance critics would accurately report that if the roof had fallen in on whatever theater she had engaged (Carnegie, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, a Broadway house on a Sunday afternoon), there would be no American dance left the next day. For Miss Shearer, modern dance maverick, would attract a who's-who-in-American-dance audiences. "What do you suppose Sybil will do *this* time?" was heard on every lip. And at the close of the matinee, having ensorcelled everyone present, Miss Shearer would depart, leaving behind a clear statement that she was unpredictable in everything except her sweet independence, her dedication, and a vibrant, radiant, growing, living, mutating, probing, revealing dance creativity rare even in the highest echelons of art.

Miss Shearer no longer comes to us in the East; we, and the rest of the dance devotees, come to her little theater (the 800-seat Arnold) at the National College of Education, where she has been artist-in-residence since 1962. To this theater with its glorious stage for dancers (45 by 52 feet) come Shearer admirers from as far away as Los Angeles and Miami, and from countless cities in between.

It is not at all easy for Miss Shearer's legion of followers to get to see her dance. She sometimes postpones programs if she feels that not everything, including her own spirit, is in readiness; and she adds performances on short notice. She is now midway in what is expected to be a total of six appearances (one in Milwaukee), and we have slogged and mushed her way in near-blizzards, gales, and sub-zero weather.

Sybil Shearer? She's worth every inconvenience.

How to describe her? For thirty years (and she hasn't changed a bit in appearance), since she left important assignments with the Humphrey-Weidman company and with Agnes de Mille in order to go her own dance way, she has defied description. She uses very little, or no, makeup; her hair is uncoifed, yet she uses cos-

—*Helen Morrison.*

Sybil Shearer—"dance creativity rare even in the highest echelons of art."

tumes that range from the simplest white frock to brilliant-colored fanciful dress and headdress; there are times when she stands on one spot, perhaps on one leg, and only her arms move, accompanied by a ripple of the upper torso; and there are other occasions when she speeds across the stage, kicks high and free, or spins like a dervish.

One of her programs, some years ago, was listed simply as "Dance I," "Dance II," etc., and yet others will have dances named with poetry, with wit, with an almost childlike profundity of understanding: "The spark is the child of flame," "Dead wood cannot be used for building," "Stamping won't dent the world," "Without wings the way is steep," "All is not gold but almost," or the concluding solo in her current *Fables and Proverbs* program for soloist (herself) and her company, "The sunbeam will outlast us all."

She is one of the world's foremost modern dancers, yet she doesn't believe in a modern dance schooling. "It's a style of movement," she says, "not a technique." Her company has classes in ballet—the strict Cechetti method—and she herself (Muriel Stuart of the School of American Ballet was a favorite ballet teacher) keeps her ankles strong by occasionally practicing in toe shoes.

How to explain Sybil Shearer? She met the late Ruth St. Denis when "Miss Ruth" was in her seventies. They were, superficially, separated by more than a generation, by the elaborateness of a St. Denis presentation and the almost stark simplicity of a Shearer one, by exotic ritual and Shearer's down-on-the-farm elementalism. But they found a sharing in a devotion to beauty, a detesting of inequity, and an identification with nature that has made them something more than man himself. Miss Ruth not only saw her beloved mountains, she *felt* them; and Miss Shearer not only looks at her trees, she is one with them. The total, not the selfish, pulse of life has motivated both. Perhaps this is the closest one can come to describing the Shearer message.

In "Without wings the way is steep," your own body experiences, emphatically, the steady struggle to climb, to reach out, to get there (the where doesn't matter); and in her "All is not gold but almost," she makes you laugh, chuckle, and roar as the fanciful, tinseled creature hops from light pool to light pool in search of an alchemy that will turn brass to gold.

The music Miss Shearer uses for herself and for her company is drawn from every possible source—Prokofiev, Poulenc, Brant, Weill, avant-garde composers, jazz, etc.—and is selected because it serves dancing. The lighting and staging are by her long-time colleague, Helen Morrison, and in both areas, Mrs. Morrison's own skills, her sensitivity to dance, and her rapport with Miss Shearer's unique art expressions represent her own claim to genius.

The Sybil Shearer Company is well disciplined, attractive, admirable; but although it is presumably of professional estate, there is the air of the amateur about it. Miss Shearer's choreography for group is well executed, but one rarely feels the sense of involvement with the subject matter that Shearer herself communicates in her solos, or even the unorthodox and disarming theatricality that the star herself projects.

Miss Shearer may be elusive as far as mere verbal descriptions are concerned—perhaps, she is rather like the title of another of her dances, "The message is in the wind," but I promise you that she is as genuine as the wind and that her message is as varied, as real, as gentle, and as powerful as that of the unseen wind itself. Sybil Shearer will not come to you, but if the portents are right, you will find her dancing February 8 in Evanston, March 8 in Milwaukee, and, perhaps, one more time in late March or April in Evanston.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

At Sea with the Union Jacks

HAVING SPENT the better part of a winter's week on a ship of British registry—in this case the *Oriana* of the P&O Lines—I feel suitably prepared to take my baccalaureate in floating limey menuese. I mean, you can spend all the time you want taking a preparatory course at Berlitz, but none of the practitioners at that language mill is going to warn you about a breakfast bill of fare that includes such recherché tidbits as Swiss Bapps, Oxford Brawn, or Chelsea Buns.

"I had the gammon slice," I heard a white-haired lady from Nebraska say one morning while we were steaming between Aruba and St. Thomas. "It was nothing but a very nice piece of ham." And even if one is properly schooled by television and a houseful of Lilliputians to know the difference between Wheaties, the Breakfast of Champions, and Rice Krispies, the Briton at table—if the P&O people are any indication — deals with such culinary esoterica as Uncle Toby's Oats, which are presumably worlds away from Scott's Porage Oats, neither having anything to do with Weetabix, whatever they may be.

The casual voyager who, on other excursions, has leaned an elbow on the bar of a London pub and dallied with a herring and thus might be familiar with a "bloater" may, all the same, be somewhat put off to see that solitary if rather bald word staring at him from the morning menu. And while—or "whilst" as the British are so fond of saying—a robust American at sea might be able to handle an omelet plain, Spanish, cheese, mushroom, or even asparagus (all available), it will take a special type, and perhaps a very calm sea, for the hardiest passenger to ask the waiter for *omelet au lard*, which appeared among the offerings one morning.

I must hasten to say that I offer none of this by way of complaint, for, even though I am a fervent partisan of the *France* and all its gastronomic trappings, the kitchen aboard the *Oriana* was admirable enough and better than I had anticipated. The differences add just enough of a foreign fillip to make it all seem a bit exotic. On New Year's Eve the chef, Gordon Mincham, perhaps in lively pursuit of Scottish *ambiente*, listed "iced dirks of asparagus," the haggis with mashed neeps and champit tatties, bubble jock, and veal sparron. For those provincial types who might be moved to order a cheese sandwich and the hell with it, let me say that a dirk is a Scottish dagger normally worn in the sock, "the haggis" is stuffed intestines. Mashed neeps, put through an epicure's computer, comes out turnips, and champit tatties are mashed potatoes. The rest was translated on the menu—bubble jock being stuffed turkey, and veal sparron a "purse of veal with cheese and ham lining." Contented with all that, one could finish with Wensleydale cheese on a Bath Oliver biscuit, which, nomenclaturally anyway, is noshing in another tongue.

Originally a steamship company that specialized in ferrying people between Australia and the United Kingdom, the P&O fleet has lately discovered that there is considerably more chance of staying financially afloat by entering the cruise business. Its Australian ties, however, impart an original flavor to the wine list, for one thing, which features and explains a variety of labels unknown above the Equator—Riesling Mount Pleasant, Graves Quelitaler, Claret Château Tahblik, to rattle off a few.

On the other hand, *Oriana* (one never clutters things up with the use of the article) does betimes give one the idea of being tolerated because of some unforeseen emergency, aboard a British man-o'-war. Although there is a children's playroom and even some children's programs shown on shipboard television, you had better keep the little stinkers in tow or some fruity steward will dispense gratuitous admonishments to the parents. And one is forever being summoned to The Bureau, a sort of purser's office, which is operated by a corps of terribly efficient lady clerks who see to it that one's needless stream of forms is filled out and give polite if edgy raps on the knuckles if one's performance is tardy.

During its winter cruises, *Oriana* sails down from Vancouver, stopping in at San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Acapulco before slithering through the Panama Canal, and commencing the usual hopscotch of the West Indian islands. An elaborate series of warnings are boomed over the loud-speaker as the ship prepares to set sail at the end of each visit. The final one, a dire proclamation, goes something like this: "All passengers ashore. All passengers ashore. This is the final ship's warning. Anyone apprehended on

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board subsequent to this warning will be treated as a stowaway and dealt with accordingly." Nobody has ever said what that meant, but after a few ports had been reached and the warning became familiar, a chorus of youngsters on board got into the habit of interrupting the announcement after the word "stowaway," and adding their own clarification that went "and will be boiled in oil."

For all that, *Oriana* is a pleasant ship, large, roomy, and fitted with huge public rooms, playrooms, and an assortment of bars. One floating saloon known as The Lookout is located high and far forward, giving the passenger the feeling that he is sitting on the bridge with a cheering toddy right in hand. New to the Caribbean waters, *Oriana* is running into some of the same problems that nag cruise ships plying southern waters in winter. For one thing there are too many of them hitting the same port at the same time, creating some confusion at the docks and an absolute traffic jam in the shops. St. Thomas is probably the most flagrant example. Six ships were in port the day we arrived. Three could tie up at dockside, but the rest had to anchor offshore, sending passengers into Charlotte Amalie aboard the ship's own tenders, a half-hour's ride. Although much is made of airline stacking caused by an excess of traffic, nothing at all is done to control the scheduling of ships' calls at Caribbean ports. There were twelve ships in St. Thomas on New Year's Day.

When ships are able to pull into ports and anchor at dockside, the gangplanks provided by the port are often rickety and makeshift. In Trinidad and again at Curaçao, the gangplank was so steep and so slick that elderly and infirm passengers were forced to descend with great care causing a mass of eager passengers to congregate in the companionways waiting to disembark. Then, too, each ship must be cleared by customs and immigration people before passengers begin disembarking. At St. Thomas the wait for the arrival of the inspector was interminable and I would imagine expensive for the shopkeepers who lost one and a half hours of shopping time of 1,700 potential customers. Why such entry formalities cannot be completed by inspectors, who come out to the ship with the pilot, is a question no official on American terra firma in Charlotte Amalie could answer. At Curaçao, where *Oriana* was due at 1 o'clock, the captain made lazy porpoise circles at the mouth of the harbor, because the famed Queen Emma pontoon bridge, which must swing open to permit ships to enter the estuary, cannot be opened at midday for fear of tying up the whole city.

Not having been awarded a sabbatical term, I was unable to take the full cruise of *Oriana* (she was away very nearly a month). Consequently, I flew south and boarded her at Aruba in the Netherlands Antilles, which sits atop Venezuela, refining oil and, lately, bedding down tourists. Shore excursions had been arranged in every port beginning in San Francisco, and they ranged in price from $5 to see the Golden Gate and the environs of the city to $18 for an overland tour of the Panamanian isthmus. Once the ship had sailed into tropical waters, the surgeon's office passed out a white paper on health, warning passengers on local drinking water and on the potential dangers of the sun. "Sunglasses," the paper said with typical British shipside crispness, "should be removed on entering the interior of the ship or visual acuity may be affected." Interferes with seeing, too.

The Lookout, high and far forward, gives passengers the feeling that they are "sitting on the bridge with a cheering toddy right in hand."

As with most ships, a daily paper is printed aboard, and it is, all things considered, a creditable bit of journalism. It comes a cropper only when it is trying to explain winter baseball deals, during which it natters on about the trading of a second batsman for the Mets. Stewards follow the English tradition of bursting in at dawn's early light—enclosed in an inside cabin I could only assume dawn had broken—carrying a tray of juice and crackers, or, in the local idiom, biscuits. One can scurry down to the dining salon before 10 for one's kippers and Uncle Toby's Oats, but the stewards are cheerful enough and will bring it to bedside. They also fetch ice at 5 and, in the case of gentlemen, as an instructional flyer notes, will "lay out clothes for evening wear if desired." There is nothing that will make one feel more pukka sahib in the salad days of Rangoon than that kind of treatment, which, suburban wives being what they are, I can hardly get at home anymore. Jerry, the room steward who tended the quarters where I lived, flitted about amiably no matter the hour nor the size of the head he was carrying from his own shore leave the night before. Dusting and straightening cheerfully, he polished the table tops with extraordinary zest, turning only once to me with a sigh to say, "Well, woman's work is never done, is it?"

The crew, interesting as they may be to the American traveler, run the wide range of British manhood from the captain, W. B. Vickers, R.D., Commodore R.N.R., a man of such ample girth as to be a walking denial to those who cast calumnies about the British kitchen, to the reedy, wispy, blond junior officers in their mess jackets, who exude the limpid air of Leslie Howard. Somewhere in between are the burly engineers, who come up out of the hold every now and then perhaps to air their admirable tattoos and practice the rolling gait they affect on deck. Far from them in style, age, looks, and experience are the apprentice seamen, ruddy, scrubbed youngsters of sixteen, who look like truants playing sailor. "It's a living," said one with a shrug. If the captain, at least aboard *Oriana*, never appears in the dining salon, Staff Captain P. Love seems everywhere, jolly, British, and full of Schweppervescence. In somber moments, however, he is British-Navy somber. His announcements over the loud-speaker, which carries to all points of the passengers' quarters, perhaps telling of a delay in allowing passengers ashore, begin with the low-keyed, measured statement, "This—is the staff captain. . . ." It reminded me of nothing so much as

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those 1940s days when Murrow's deep tones came from the radio intoning those portentous words, "This—is London."

Some of Nelson's Navy, or at least its descendants, now in the merchant marine, are letting their hair grow again as the fleet did in the days of Trafalgar. It was one such boatswain, a product of Liverpool, who was manning a tender filled with tourists one day as it made its way from the roads off the Virgin Islands to the quay at Charlotte Amalie when, ten yards offshore, it stopped dead in the water. "What's your trouble?" bellowed an officer in the landing party standing on the dock. The lad stood up alongside the tiller. His white pillbox skimmer sat on top of his locks, which fell to his shoulder. We were working on oil, and none was left. So, the sailor cupped his hands and bellowed, "Out of ooze!" The Liverpudlian accents caromed off those nice ladies in their white sun hats and their sensible shoes, and floated ashore on the same tropical breezes that had filled the sails of Sir Francis Drake. He, too, had cruised these very islands some years before, long hair and all.

Madness

for Scott Cuthbert

by Joyce Carol Oates

threatened by their integrity
we contemplate the mad
as they contemplate
their madness

no alteration
in them no unfaithfulness
no scattering and rearranging
of love—

they are faithful as crippled lovers
basking in institutional sunlight
uncaged but faithful
to their cages

their dreaming skulls
shake out nets for us
their voices trickle
between our ribs

if we knew them
as relatives, or friends
now they are unknowable
and sacred

their eyes
leap into our faces

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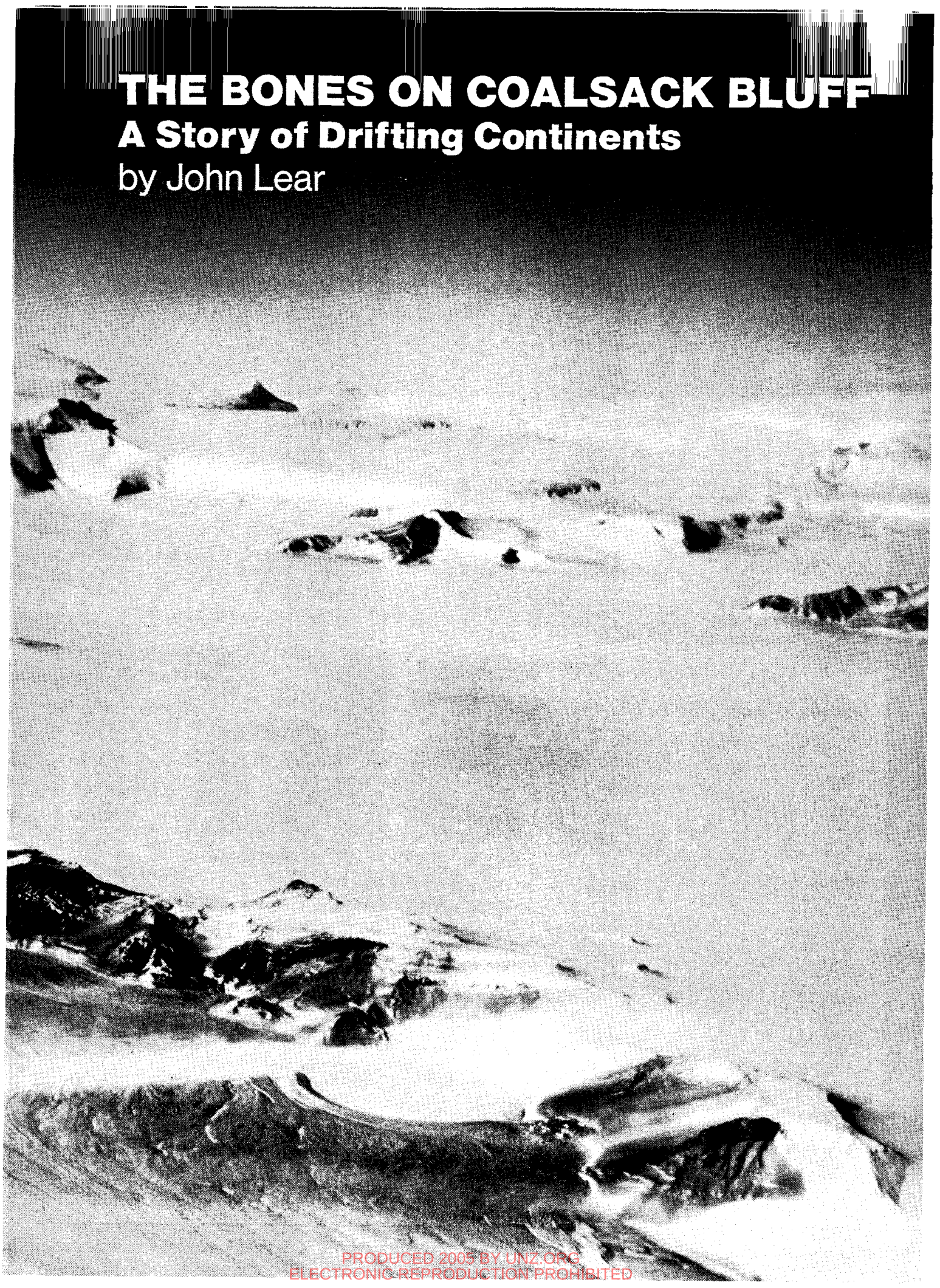
THE BONES ON COALSACK BLUFF

A Story of Drifting Continents

by John Lear



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Any stranger could recognize Coalsack Bluff simply by recalling its name. The sack is four miles long, comes to a point at its closed end, and has an open mouth that gapes 800 feet straight up and down and a mile wide. The sack appears to rest on a river of ice that is gliding imperceptibly, a third of a mile deep, through the mountains ringing the South Polar plateau and thence down to the great coastal ice shelf on Antarctica's northeastern rim. But only the ice flows. The Coalsack stands there gaping because it is made of stone.

Coalsack Bluff was christened by New Zealand explorers who came upon it almost a decade ago. They were fascinated by the coal seams they could see in the sack's mouth. One seam has since been measured and found to be twenty-seven feet thick. In any less forbidding site, that seam alone would be a prize worth taking.

Because of the presence of coal elsewhere in the Antarctic, it has been known for more than half a century that in spite of its massive cover of snow and ice the continent once was tropical; for coal is lush vegetation of a bygone time that sank into swamp long enough ago to have gradually been compressed into rock.

How then did this polar land reach its present geographical position and meteorological frigid state?

At the time coal was discovered there, in the very first year of the twentieth century, a clue to the reason for its paradoxical location was also turned up. The clue was a fossil of a tongue-shaped leaf of a fern, Glossopteris, which grew profusely between 200 and 300 million years ago in South America, South Africa, Madagascar, India, Australia, and New Zealand.

An obvious deduction would be that Antarctica once had been joined to the other southern continents in a single land mass that subsequently disintegrated and set its fragments adrift. As early as 1885 Austrian geologist Eduard Suess had postulated existence of such a giant protocontinent. He called it Gondwanaland, after a province of rock in central India. Ten years after that, Polish geophysicist and meteorologist Henryk Arctowski, one of the two first men to set foot in Antarctica, had observed that the Antarctic peninsula looked like Patagonia in reverse. Arctowski had suggested that the mountains of western Antarctica should properly be known as the Antarctandes.

When German meteorologist Alfred Wegener came to document the first full-blown theory of continental drift [see *SR*, July 3, 1965; Sept. 2, 1967; March 2, 1968] he cited Antarctic data nineteen times. But challengers of his thesis insisted that his case would not be valid until he could show that Antarctica had been occupied by the same species of animals that occupied the other continents of the Southern Hemisphere. Wegener was unable to offer any such demonstration. Although he did show parallel relationships in many species of plants and primitive organisms, he died with his theory unaccepted by all but a handful of scientists.

Wegener's proposition was not only unpopular. It faced rigid taboos throughout most of the Northern Hemisphere during the first half of the century. To side with him was to risk professional ostracism from the geology departments of leading universities. If Southern Hemisphere scientists had not of necessity lived in the midst of evidence that Suess and Wegener were right, the notion of drifting continents might have been lost for a long time.

Luckily for man's understanding of the realities of his earthly environment, a Michigan land surveyor's daughter, Marie Tharp, in the course of sketching the pattern of soundings of the Atlantic Ocean bottom in the early 1950s, noticed what looked to her like a deep canyon running through the peaks of an undersea mountain chain. She called this apparent gorge to the attention of her boss, Bruce Heezen, of Columbia University's Lamont (now Lamont-Doherty) Geological Observatory. At first Heezen scoffed, but later, in searching for causes of breaks in undersea telephone cables, he discovered that epicenters of earthquakes coincided with the position of the canyon Miss Tharp had detected. Heezen took this conjunction of phenomena to his boss, Professor Maurice Ewing, director of the observatory, and the two of them soon traced a mountain chain across the bottoms of all the oceans. Across the tops of those mountains was always the same rift valley.

Marie Tharp's work so began a revival of the theory of drifting continents. Heezen made a formal report in 1955. Steadily thereafter evidence accumulated to suggest that molten rock wells up from Earth's interior through the rift in the mid-ocean ridges and flows out from opposite sides of the rift, continually spreading the sea floors. The Canadian geophysicist J. Tuzo Wilson showed that islands were carried along with the sea floors, like cargo on a conveyor belt. Magnetism in the rocks confirmed the slow movement, at the same time providing a method for timing the change. Earthquake studies further revealed that the crust of the Earth is broken into plates which have shifted position relative to each other through geological time. Antarctica was seen to occupy one of these plates. A mid-ocean ridge with a rift in its top completely circles the polar continent and extends northward through the other oceans like the fingers of an extended hand.

Two years ago, on the very last days of December 1967, a piece of the skull of an ancient in-law of man was picked up from a fossilized streambed on Graphite Peak along the western shore of Beardmore Glacier, one of the most awesome frozen rivers on the planet [see *SR*, April 6, 1968]. Peter J. Barrett, a New Zealand graduate student working out of Ohio State University's Institute of Polar Studies, made the find while surveying Graphite Peak with David Johnston of New Jersey. Dr. Edwin H. Colbert, curator of vertebrate paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, identified the bone fragment as belonging to a labyrinthodont, an amphibian common to all the southern continents about 200-million years ago.

—*Jon Powell.*

Uphill to the ancient graveyard.

Dr. Colbert said the animal in life had been three to four feet long and could not possibly have swum to Antarctica because its family was unable to tolerate salt water. On the other hand, labyrinthodonts were tropical creatures with no internal temperature controls to help them survive the extremities of heat and cold; hence, the Antarctic continent must have enjoyed a tropical climate when the labyrinthodonts lived there.

Colbert, however, had never been an

Coalsack Bluff gapes directly at the viewer of the photograph on the opposite page. The sack's mouth lies in the foreground of the picture, just across the ice from the amphitheater-like curve that inclines down and to the right toward the bottom.

Photo, courtesy of the U.S. Geological Survey.

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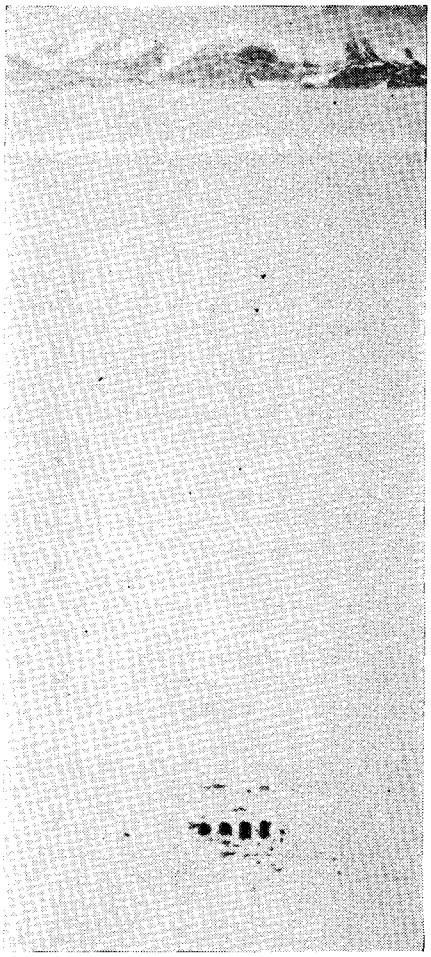

—U.S. Navy Photo.

The Coalsack Bluff base camp.

enthusiast of the continental drift concept. One small piece of bone was hardly enough to justify a change of mind, especially when the bone came from an animal that wasn't in a direct line of descent to man. Amphibians were made up of species that could not survive on the land alone. They had to go back to the water to lay their eggs. The labyrinthodonts weren't even very successful as amphibians; their line had died out in a cul-de-sac.

Nevertheless, Peter Barrett had made a provocative find. It was an amphibian bone. Where amphibians were able to live, their earliest descendants, the reptiles, also might have lived. Colbert was too competent a scientist not to be curious. Although on the eve of retirement from a long career at the American Museum of Natural History, he proposed to the National Science Foundation that he be permitted to lead a team of vertebrate paleontologists to the Antarctic during the polar summer (in the Temperate Zone winter, that is) of 1969.

His request went to NSF because that agency had been charged by Congress with responsibility for overseeing all Antarctic research. NSF responded favorably, assigning Colbert and three younger colleagues—William J. Breed, curator of geology, Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff; James A. Jensen, curator of Earth Sciences Museum, Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah; and Jon Scott Powell, an undergraduate student in geology at the University of Arizona, Tucson — to function as a group within a larger party headed by a British veteran in Antarctic exploration: David H. Elliot, assistant professor of geology at Ohio State and research associate of Ohio's Institute of Polar Studies (see *SR*'s cover).

The institute had been active in the Antarctic since the eighteen-month long International Geophysical Year of 1957-58. Its men had been surveying the Trans-Antarctic Mountain system for a decade. NSF grants had paid most of the bill, which was charged principally to geophysical research. However, IPS Director Dr. Emanuel D. Rudolph, a botanist, was more than willing to give biology major billing in the 1969 program, especially after NSF offered to fatten the annual budget in return. Colbert, Breed, Jensen, and Powell were quickly absorbed into the IPS expedition, and IPS Deputy Director John Splettstoesser went flying off from Columbus to Christchurch, New Zealand, and thence to McMurdo Sound after formally announcing to the press: "This time we are going specifically to collect fossils rather than to consider such activity incidental to a general biological survey." Party chief Elliot added: "We are trying to fit the known geology into the theories about Gondwanaland and its disruption into the present-day continents."

Using as a key the particular type of rock that Peter Barrett had found the labyrinthodont fossil in, Elliot had laid out an economical plan of exploration. Two overlapping circles, each 125 miles in radius, were drawn around adjoining ranges of mountains. The U.S. Navy, which logistically supports all NSF work in Antarctica, would build base camps at the centers of the two circles and fly the scientists about in three turbojet helicopters. A dozen seemingly promising discovery sites were marked for priority attention.

Coalsack Bluff lay on the opposite side of the Beardmore Glacier from Graphite Peak, the place where the labyrinthodont skull fragment was picked up. The Coalsack was not among the priority sites. The only function planned for it was that of a landmark to distinguish a nearby snow field chosen for one of the base camps. The location had the advantage of being roughly halfway on the 800-mile flight between the Navy's main Antarctic base at McMurdo and a subsidiary base at the South Pole. The cruising range of the helicopters was 400 miles.

Elliot and Splettstoesser flew first to the Pole in a Hercules, Lockheed's famous C-130 prop-jet cargo-carrying mammoth. On the way back to McMurdo, they circled the Coalsack and then dropped onto the snow field about two miles off. The snow was just soft enough, without being too soft, to hold four prefabricated Quonset huts. Splettstoesser went in with a crew of Seabees on November 16, and one hut rose each day until the camp was ready (see photo, column 1, this page). The sun stayed up around the clock, and at 8 p.m. on November 20, "just for something to do," Splettstoesser and a couple of Navy men took a motor toboggan ride to the Coalsack for a look around. They found fossils of Glossopteris leaves in originally flat-lying rocks that had been torn apart by eruptions of lava.

Two days later, the entire Ohio party arrived in a ski-riding Hercules, unpacked its gear, and prepared to start hunting for fossils next morning. But when morning came, the helicopters were grounded by weather problems. Colbert kept himself busy setting up a field laboratory at the camp, but the others went off on toboggans or afoot for the only diversion in sight: the Coalsack.

By noontime, they were back in camp, with unexpected news that provoked Colbert to accompany them on a return trip in the afternoon. Next day he wrote a letter he signed as "A very excited old man." Addressed to Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, chairman of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History, it said:

Dear Bobb:
We did it!
On our first day of field work we

—James Collinson.

Polar party chief David Elliot (left) and Dr. Edwin Colbert displaying fossils found in Antarctica.

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found a cliff full of Triassic reptile bones. . . .

This happened yesterday.

The bones are not articulated—it is a stream channel deposit. But they are numerous and in *good* condition. Should give a varied fauna.

We are getting prepared for an intensive collecting program.

The locality is Coalsack Bluff. Only a few miles from our camp. The cliff (a low series of small cliffs) faces north into the sun, and is thus relatively warm.

We are sending a release to the NSF. . . . The NSF has first rights, since this is an NSF project, done primarily with NSF funds. . . .

We are tremendously excited.

This really pins down continental drift, in my opinion. Antarctica had to be connected in the Trias.

Coming from a man who had begun by doubting the reality of continental drift, that was quite a message. Coming from a place from which nothing tangible had been expected, it justified NSF's faith in the ultimate contribution of serendipity to research.

Later, Elliot called me on the overseas telephone from Antarctica. He confirmed that on the first day of the expedition, for lack of anything more interesting to do, he had climbed to the top of unpromising Coalsack Bluff and there had found an ancient riverbed literally swarming with fossils. He had tapped one fragment out of the rock with his ice ax and taken it back to the newly made camp and to Colbert, who identified it as unmistakable bone.

The consequences of Elliot's discovery were exuberantly described by one of Colbert's men, Jim Jensen, in writing to a friend in Salt Lake City:

> Where there was only one small bone fragment [he meant Barrett's find of the labyrinthodont skull splinter] in an area larger than the United States and Europe combined, suddenly there is a string of sandstone cliffs a half-mile long with a bone in every foot or two of their length.

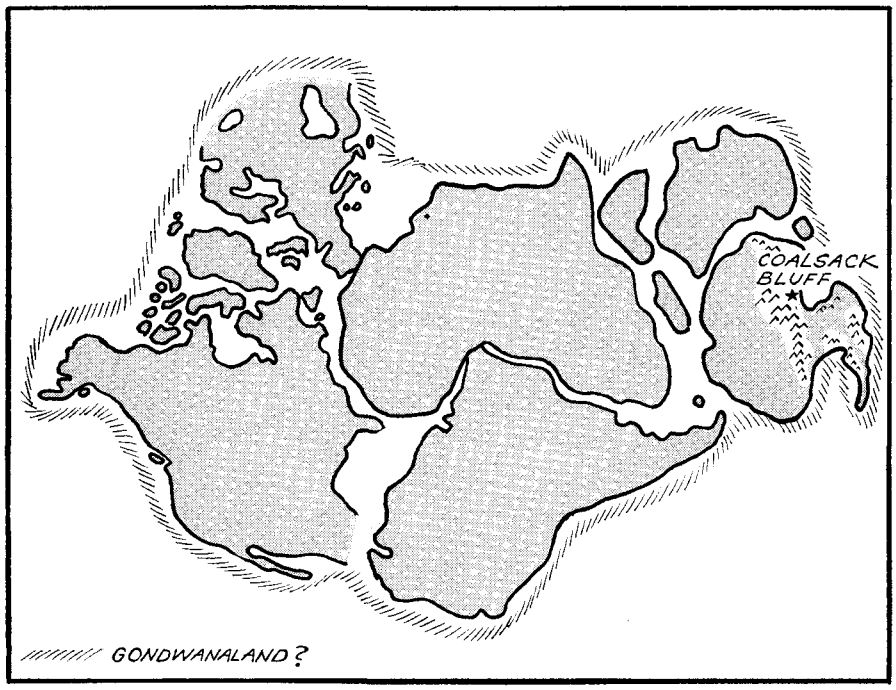
Colbert wrote a second letter to Bobb Schaeffer on November 30:

> Our work continues, and we now have about 150 field-numbered bones from the Triassic of Coalsack Bluff. What is more—we have located a concentration of fossils that will justify quarrying operations. So for the rest of our stay at this camp—until about the end of December—we will quarry stuff.

Quarrying, in museum staff language, means dynamiting or jackhammering large blocks of rock from the countryside, wrapping the blocks in strips of burlap soaked in plaster of Paris, and dispatching them to a laboratory where fossils imbedded in the rock can be meticulously worked free and preserved.

Colbert soon learned, as he told Schaeffer, that Antarctica "does separate the men from the boys, or rather the old men from the young men." He explained:

> I find the work on Coalsack Bluff just a bit too strenuous for me to attempt on a day-after-day basis. I find that I get extremely tired after about six hours out in the field—especially if we are climbing. Most of our work is done at about 8,500 feet, and the cold air increases the effects. Luckily, Jim, Bill, and Jon can work away on the cliffs, and I can spend my time to best advantage giving emergency preparation to the fossils, identifying, assigning field numbers, wrapping specimens, etc. So that's our schedule of work.



Coalsack Bluff, site of historic fossil find, is indicated on the above map, which also shows how coastline of Antarctica fits into coastlines of other southern continents. Colored line marks one postulated boundary of supposed protocontinent Gondwanaland.

Even the younger men were tuckered by the polar weather. Jim Collinson, an Ohio State geologist who helped Elliot set out flags to mark the locations of fossils near the top of the Coalsack on that first afternoon, described the continual blowing of the wind as "terribly hard. It was difficult for us to concentrate." He and Elliot noticed from a distance that the rock structure of the bluff dipped sharply farther down the cliff, and they clambered down to learn the nature of the ancient upheaval that had wrenched the old stream bed apart. It was at that rock fault that Colbert later considered the fossil deposits worthy of a quarrying operation. But Elliot and Collinson were oblivious to the treasure underfoot on the first day. Collinson said, "We must have walked right over the bones without seeing them. It was that cold."

In his first letter to Schaeffer, Colbert had characterized the sun as a comforting source of warmth for those who worked on the rock face. Collinson offered an amendment to that observation. The upper fossil site, about 300 feet below the top of the Coalsack, was a comforting place to work between noon and 6 p.m. During those hours, heat waves shimmered off the rock as though the bluff were in the southwest American desert. When clouds obscured the sun, however, bitter cold descended swiftly. And as the sun circled the horizon the warmth followed its light so that the comfort no longer available near the bluff top after 6 p.m. could be found 300 feet farther down the bluff between 8 p.m. and midnight.

Jim Jensen did most of the rock digging, chopping, and splitting that Colbert would have done under kinder circumstances. Jensen worked with bare palm-mitts, holding bits of bone in place with three fingers so they would not pop off into the air and down the cliffside while he chiseled them loose. Overwhelmed by awareness of the evolutionary history that was unraveling in his hands, he stayed on the job until his entire nose and one cheek of his face were in a state of frostbite comparable to lacerated boils, with a scab that gave him a top-heavy feeling. He feared to risk glancing into the chasm below him as he pried out bone

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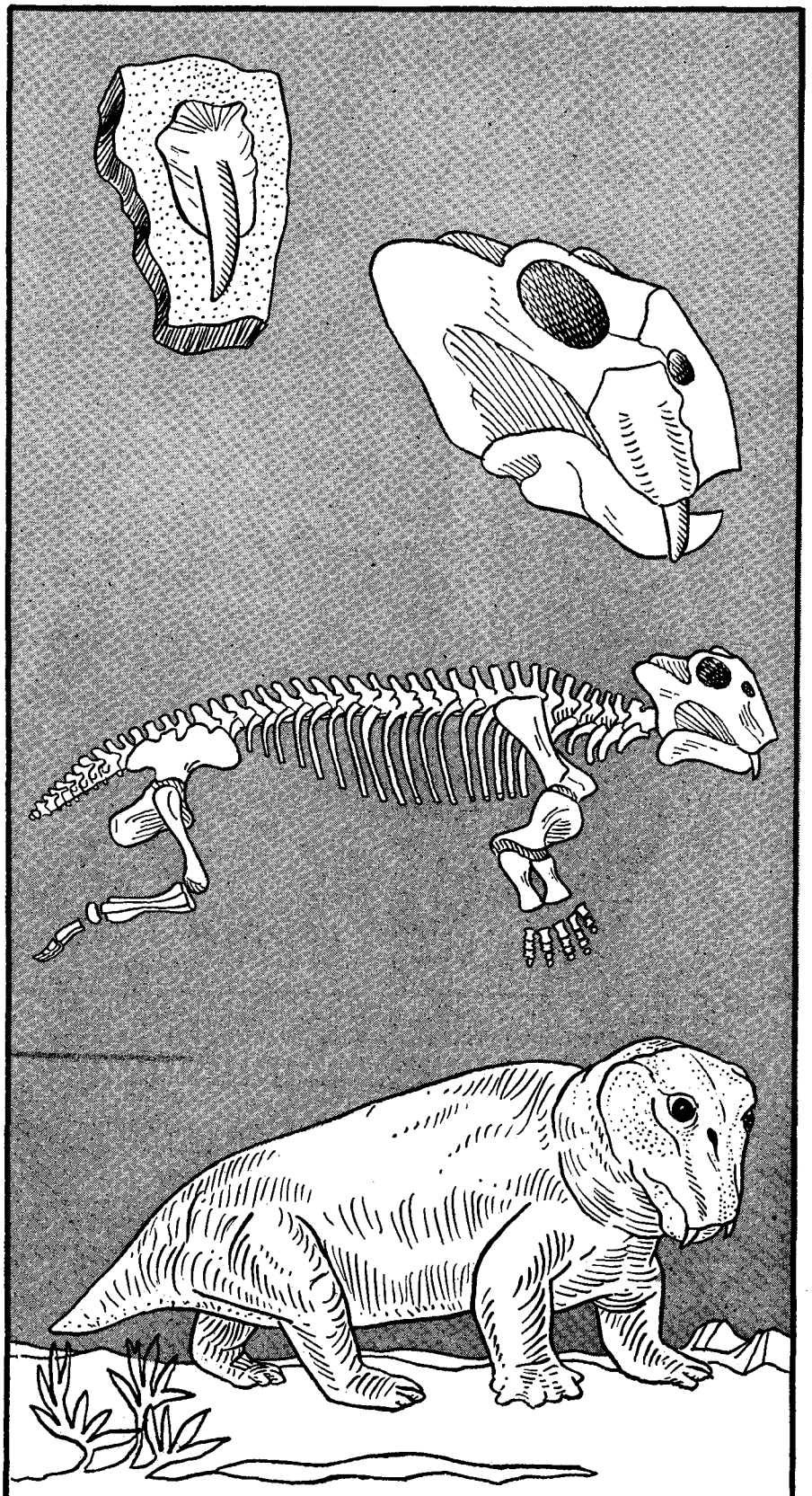

A TOOTH CAN BE MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL, the above set of Doug Anderson's sketches testifies. Top sketch, adapted from original drawn from memory by Utah paleontologist James Jensen, shows fossilized right tooth of lystrosaurus as Jensen pried it from Coalsack Bluff. Second sketch from top, also adapted from a Jensen drawing, places the tooth in a reconstructed lystrosaurus skull. Third sketch, copied from the American Museum of Natural History collection, fixes the skull on a skeleton. Bottom sketch is from Dr. Edwin Colbert's "The Age of Reptiles."

after bone, wrapped them in toilet tissue along with penciled identification, and stuffed them into a bone bag lashed to his back beside his parka, ice ax, and crampons.

In the midst of this automaton-like procedure, he came upon a tooth measuring two to three inches long and three-eighths of an inch thick. It once had occupied the right side of some animal's jaw. Jensen could see the root of the tooth as well as the tooth itself, for the rock containing the fossil split like a hot-dog bun cut lengthwise (see sketch, opposite). He was too numb to do more than register the fact that he had picked up fossils like this before, at the feet of the Andes in Argentina.

Jensen marked the tooth for special attention, and when he got back to base camp gave it to Colbert before going into the mess hall to try to thaw his frostbitten face. The thawing had reached an excruciating stage when Colbert ran into the hall crying, "Jim! This looks like a lystrosaurus I found in Africa."

Africa? The tooth Jensen remembered had been in South America. It came to him then that few bones could be more diagnostic of continental drift than this one. Lystrosaurus was a snub-nosed reptile with only two teeth in its head. It lived as a species during a geologically short interval of time — sandwiched somewhere in the middle Triassic. The whole of the middle Triassic spanned 45 million years between 180 million and 225 million years ago, plus or minus 5 million years. By contrast, as Jensen pointed out, clams have been around for about 300 million years. But, he noted, "Clams don't tell us much." The lystrosaurus tooth from Coalsack Bluff—when interpreted in tandem with Peter Barrett's labyrinthodont skull bone—tells us a great deal: Antarctica was linked with the other now separate southern continents of Earth throughout the decisive period of evolution when survival of species shifted from dependence on eggs laid in water to shelled eggs laid on land. Later, the hard shell would be softened to an amniotic sac competent to hold a growing embryo inside the mammalian female body from conception to birth. So the animal world would fall heir to the sense of conscious responsibility that ultimately would produce a creature able to plan and to dream.

Because of the fabulous quality of the Coalsack Bluff find, no member of the Ohio exploring party felt any deep sense of frustration over the failure of the Navy to supply the helicopter support the expedition had expected. Accidents had happened to the copters, and the demands of the Vietnam war had interfered with replacements. There

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wasn't even any annoyance over the collapse of plans for the establishment of base camp No. 2 or for abortion of the quarrying. It was enough to know that camp No. 1, on the Coalsack, had caused polar science statesman Laurence Gould to proclaim "one of the truly great fossil finds of all time."

I spoke to Colbert by telephone when he stopped in New Zealand en route to Arizona in mid-January 1970. He said the fossils he was carrying home included the bones of up to a dozen different types of animals. He interpreted the bones to mean that Antarctica had been connected for at least sixty million years to Africa, South America, India, and Australia.

Colbert wasn't then positive that the tooth Jensen found really belonged to a lystrosaurus. The animal was of the lystrosauroides family. Regardless, the Africa-Antarctica linkage was clear.

I heard from Colbert again after he reached California. He told me the number of fossils recovered from Coalsack Bluff now totaled about 450. NSF had approved a plan to add them to the collections of the American Museum of Natural History. Colbert himself would move on to new responsibilities at the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. Before he got away, the AMNH trustees called him before them and conferred upon him The American Museum of Natural History Gold Medal for Distinguished Achievement in Science. Before answering the trustees' summons, Colbert, a cautious man, had gone to the University of California Museum at Berkeley to confirm positively and finally that the tooth Jensen found was a lystrosaurus tooth.

Colbert's reward coincided in time with publication in *Nature* of new computer calculations of the outlines of Gondwanaland. And *The American Journal of Science* confirmed that it was about to print a new theory, authored by John C. Crowell and Lawrence A. Frakes, relating Earth's ice ages to the drifting of continents in and out of the Earth's polar circles.

–James Collinson.
The tooth.

How George Gamow Went West

The late George Gamow, a native of Russia, developed the first scientific theory to explain the phenomenon of natural radioactivity. Another of his hypotheses led ultimately to the presently accepted theory of nuclear fission. Later, his interest shifted from physics to biology and he published several papers on information storage and transfer within the living cell. In those papers he proposed the existence of a "genetic code"—an idea subsequently confirmed in the experimental laboratory. He fled the U.S.S.R. in 1933 and died three-and-a-half decades later in the United States. Below is a preview of his posthumous autobiography, *My World Line*, due for publication next month by Viking. Copyright © 1970 by the estate of George Gamow.

by GEORGE GAMOW

Having decided to get out of Russia, my wife Rho and I began to do things quite systematically toward that end, poring over a large map of the Soviet Union, on which all the border lines were clearly marked. The nearest point where we could cross the border was Sestroretsk, a bathing beach on the Gulf of Finland less than an hour by train from Leningrad. The line dividing Russia from Finland lay just north of Sestroretsk. From the Soviet part of the beach, Finnish beauties in brightly colored swimsuits could be observed—a lively diversion for the Russians, whose suits at that time were black or a drab brown. But the narrow border strip was thickly populated by guards and dogs in the day and was brightly illuminated at night. The Sino-Russian border in eastern Asia presented fewer man-made obstacles but greater natural ones. Our eyes continued around the map until Rho put her finger on the southern tip of the Crimean Peninsula and ran it straight south to the bulging shore line of Turkey. I measured the distance. It was about 170 miles. Not far at all!

Our first idea was to seek the help of smugglers. The Black Sea (so called because it is often very stormy) had always been a supply route for illegal import of foreign goods: perfume, silk stockings, costume jewelry, and what not. These goods were carried by black-mustachioed Greeks and Turks in small sailboats.

I wrote to an astronomer friend at Simeis Observatory, which was located not far from Yalta on a cliff high over the blue sea. I said in my letter that I had been recently married and would like to get my wife some foreign goodies that were unobtainable in northern Russia; also, I said, I would like to get a fountain pen for myself if possible. If contact with the smugglers could be established, I told my astronomer friend, Rho and I could vacation in the Crimea and take enough money along to pay for a trip to Turkey.

My friend answered negatively. "For several years now," he wrote, "we have not been able to get any foreign goods. The coast guard has drastically tightened regulations. Fishermen must return to shore before dark. If they have to stay out longer, they must give detailed information in advance as to their expected whereabouts and timing. If a fisherman does not get back on time, his family is severely punished." Thus ended the idea of help from the smugglers.

Since it was unthinkable to rent any kind of boat, our plan to escape Russia by crossing the Black Sea almost faded out. But a new chance came unexpectedly. A factory in Moscow began to produce small collapsible boats, modeled after the *Faltboote* used by the Germans in expeditions across rivers and lakes. Called *baidorkas*, these boats were made of rubber, held in shape by a frame of wooden sticks.

When folded, a *baidorka* could easily be transported on the backs of two persons, one of whom would carry the packed rubber carcass while the other took the folded stick-frame and oars. When the *baidorka* was afloat, a "deck sheet" fitted snugly around the waists of the passengers, as in Eskimo kayaks, so that no water could enter the boat if the waves rolled over it.

I managed to get a *baidorka* through the sport group of the House of Scientists; they arranged a factory order for me for the purpose of "trying the boat out under open sea conditions."

To the standard equipment for *bai-*

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dorkas, we added several special safety items. Two inflated football bladders were attached inside the boat, at the bow and at the stern, to keep the *baidorka* afloat even if it were to overturn. Each of us attached a rubber cushion to his shoulders with straps. These soft pads provided relief from the hard wooden back rest of the boat and further served as life belts. We also carried a hand pump to remove any water which might wash past the deck sheet into the boat.

We figured the trip would last five or six days. Storing up enough food for that span of time taxed our ingenuity. There was a food shortage in Leningrad; so we could not get any special compact high-calorie foods. We started hoarding eggs a few months before our planned departure. The eggs that were available were those that appeared occasionally in the market, bearing the stamp "Export." They had been earmarked for sale abroad but had not been accepted abroad. We hard-boiled them to guard against spoilage and saved them for the trip. We also managed to get several bricks of hard cooking chocolate and two bottles of brandy against the time when we might be wet and cold at sea.

The problem of navigation was solved very simply. We had to move straight

south. I would carry a pocket compass for guidance by day and at night would keep the polar star right over the stern of the boat. I also calculated that, when we were halfway to the Turkish shore, Ai Petri, the highest mountain (about 3,000 feet) on the Crimean shore, would drop below the northern horizon, and soon thereafter the mountains of Asia Minor would appear in the south.

A word about documents: All I carried along was my old (and long expired) Danish motorcycle driving license. The plan was that when we reached the Turkish shore I would attempt to explain that we were Danes and ask to be delivered to the Danish Embassy in Istanbul. From there I would telephone to Niels Bohr in Copenhagen, and he would complete the arrangements.

Now came the choice of a jumping-off point in the Crimea. Here again the House of Scientists turned out to be of great help. In Russia at that time, and probably also now, one could not go to a resort and rent a room in a hotel or a motel. There weren't any rooms except for foreigners. But the House maintained a number of vacation bases at the seashores, in the mountains, and elsewhere. The House had, among other places, a beautiful Crimean base not far from Yalta. It was located on a beach, had dormitories for men, dormitories for women, a large dining room, tennis courts, etc. With luck, scientific workers could obtain passes for a thirty-day vacation there.

Since husbands and wives usually worked in different scientific establishments, they often spent their vacations in different places at different times. This arrangement, it was thought, contributed to the completeness of the vacation. Although when I married Rho she was working as an optical engineer in a large Moscow factory, she was unemployed at the time we were planning our trip to the Crimea. Consequently, I could not get a bed for her in the women's dormitory, but she was allowed to take all her meals with me.

Arriving in the Crimea early in the summer of 1932, we stored the boat with a fisherman on a beach. Thus we could use the boat whenever we wanted to. We used it quite a bit for going along the shore line "trying it out under open sea conditions." One thing we found out was that it was more rational to take turns in paddling, since if we paddled together the speed of the boat did not increase by a factor of two. We agreed in advance that on the long trip across the Black Sea one of us would paddle half an hour while the other rested.

At last we reached the point in our preparations where we had to decide when to start. There was a full moon. It seemed irrational to wait two weeks for dark nights. The weather was excellent. The sea was as smooth as a mirror. We had no way of getting weather forecasts; such things were secret, and any inquiries could arouse suspicion. One evening we brought down our food supply and loaded it into the boat. After breakfast next morning we pulled the boat into the water and were off.

So that there would be no alarm when we did not show up for the evening meal, we told everyone at the base, as well as the early birds on the beach who waved us adieu, that we were going to the Simeis Observatory and would stay there overnight. We followed the shore line toward Simeis at first, but as soon as we got out of sight of the beach we turned the boat straight south.

The first day was a complete success. The boat slid fast and gracefully over the smooth water. In the late afternoon, when the coast range was still clearly showing on the horizon, a gentle breeze began to blow from the east and the water's surface became slightly wavy. What bothered us was not the waves but a school of porpoises swimming joyfully around us, probably taking our boat for another porpoise of a somewhat different breed. I will never forget the sight of a porpoise seen through a wave illuminated by the sun sinking below the horizon.

As soon as the sun disappeared, the full moon came up in the opposite direction. Soon the stars showed in the darkening sky. When night fell we were quite cheerful but rather tired. We now committed the first deviation from our original plan, which had called for us to move continuously throughout the night, one rowing while the other dozed. After finishing a bag of fresh strawberries that we had taken with us, we both fell asleep leaning back in our seats.

We woke before sunrise to find that the wind was stronger and the waves less gentle. The moon sank under the horizon, and the red sun came up. Since the waves were coming from the east and we were going south, we had to take them on the port. To keep the boat from turning over, we made stronger strokes with the paddle on the off-wind side as each wave approached. We were still heading south, though perhaps at a lower speed.

Toward evening of that second day the situation worsened considerably. The wind increased, blowing foam from the crests of the incoming waves, and forcing us to turn the boat eastward to stay upright. I had to take complete responsibility, for Rho was not strong enough to handle the paddle. The bow of the boat would rise on a wave and then flop back into the trough when the crest passed. Water rolled continually over "the deck" and slashed my face. Rho was kept very busy pumping.

My rowing served only to keep the boat in a correct position with respect to the waves; it did nothing at all to propel us. I recognized this with some surprise when I saw that a strand of rope I had tied to the bow was pointing forward. The force of the wind pressing against my chest was in fact moving the boat backward.

Sometime during that night the wind suddenly stopped; the white crests disappeared, and the sea's surface again assumed a pattern of long, rolling waves. The light of the full moon, reflected from the water, made the surface look like a large cathedral floor of black and white marble in a chessboard pattern. Being tired of sitting, I thought fancifully of getting out of the boat and walking on that smooth marble floor. Fortunately, I did not try it.

In any event, I was again able to

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control the motion of the boat. But now I was rowing straight toward the polar star. It was still dark when we saw the shore line, a high rocky cliff coming vertically down into the water. There was no possibility of landing there, but we thought there might be a beach to the right or to the left. I turned right. That was a lucky choice because, as I learned later, the cliff continued for miles in the westerly direction. We then saw a tiny sandy beach. There appeared to us to be two wooden sticks some fifty feet apart rising from the water between us and the shore, but we decided that this was a hallucination. I headed right between the sticks, got into a fisherman's net that they supported, pulled back out of the net, and finally felt the bow of the boat touch sand. We scrambled out, pulled the boat from the water, drank some brandy, and collapsed into sleep.

When we woke up, the sun was high above the horizon. Several Tartar fishermen were standing beside us in bewilderment. I tried to get onto my feet, but could not keep my equilibrium. We explained to the fishermen that we had been blown offshore by the night breeze. They took us first to their village and then to a hospital in nearby Balaklava, some seventy miles west of Alupka, the point in Russia from which we had sailed for Turkey.

After recuperating in the hospital for a couple of days, we were driven back to the House base where our escape attempt had started. Our boat came with us with all its contents except the bottles of brandy, which the fishermen held for their services. We took the boat back to Leningrad, there returning it to the sports club of the House of Scientists with a report that the boat was excellent under open sea conditions except in a rough sea.

Polar Village next attracted our attention. It had been organized at the beginning of the twentieth century by a group of Russian biologists who wanted to observe marine life the year around. The village lies at the entrance to a fiord of the polar ocean deep in which the ice-free port of Murmansk is located. Scientific research at Polar Village is on a level of excellence comparable to that at Woods Hole on Cape Cod. The village is close to the Norwegian border. By borrowing (or stealing) one of the motorboats used for the collection of biological samples, Rho and I could easily make a run to the Norwegian side.

The vicinity of Murmansk was already familiar to us. During the Christmas vacation of 1932 we had stayed at the House of Scientists' base in Khibini, a little Karelian village on the railroad from Leningrad to Murmansk. This was, of course, in the midst of the long polar night, and we saw beautiful displays of aurora borealis. We had our skis with us then and had planned to ski across the Finnish border or, better, to hire an Eskimo with reindeer and a sleigh to drive us across the line.

Nothing had come of that. To make the escape on skis, we found, would have been almost beyond human endurance. We had also found, upon our arrival at Khibini, that all natives approached by prospective transborder travelers were permitted to keep all monies collected for transportation and were given bonuses by the border officials into whose hands the tourists would be delivered.

The motorboat seemed a more promising escape vehicle. So I wrote to one of the biologists I knew in Polar Village, telling him we would like to visit the village sometime in July. We arrived as scheduled, but at the wrong time. The Soviet Navy was establishing submarine bases at the entrance of the fiord.

While I was delivering to the staff of the station my first lecture on the theory of polar lights, two security officers walked into the meeting hall and arrested the director (and founder) of the station, accusing him of subversive activities. I remember his long white beard and the sad look in his eyes when he was led out of the lecture room. The station was to be closed. Rho and I decided to go back to Leningrad.

A few days after arriving home, I received a letter informing me that I had been delegated by the Soviet government to attend the international Solvay Congress on Nuclear Physics, which was to take place in Brussels in October of that year, 1933. I could not believe my eyes, but there in my hands was an official letter saying that I must go to Moscow and collect my passport, the necessary visas, and the railroad ticket.

If only I could get a second passport for Rho!

The only high-standing government official who could help me was Nikolai Bukharin, an old revolutionary and a close friend of the late Lenin, as well as the only leading Communist (except, of course, Lenin himself) who came from an old White Russian family. I had met Bukharin on his way down (a victim of Stalin's purges, he was executed five years after I left Russia), while he was holding a comparatively minor position as president of a committee supervising the development of Soviet science and engineering. He had attended one of my lectures at the Soviet Academy of Sciences (at that time, still in Leningrad) on thermonuclear reactions and their role in production of energy in the sun and other stars. After hearing that talk, he had suggested that I head a project for the development of controlled thermonuclear reactions (in 1932!). I would have had at my disposal for a few minutes one night a week the entire electric power of the Moscow industrial district, with authority to send it through a very thick copper wire impregnated with small "bubbles" of lithium-hydrogen mixture. I had declined that proposal, which certainly would not have worked.

Anyhow, I went to Moscow in 1933 to see Bukharin about a passport for Rho. He told me that he would arrange an interview with Vyacheslav Molotov, then President of the U.S.S.R. I stayed in Moscow with Rho's parents while awaiting the outcome of these arrangements. Within a few days I was informed that I should appear at a certain hour in the morning at the gates of the Kremlin. So I did and was duly escorted to Molotov's office.

He was sitting behind the same desk at which Lenin used to sit. There was a short conversation about what I was going to say at Brussels. Then Molotov asked me why I had come to see him

(although, of course, he knew this very well). I told him I wanted to take my wife with me to the Solvay Congress.

"But," he said, "you are going just for two weeks. Can't you be separated from her for that short a time?"

Here I told him the truth, only the truth, but not the whole truth. "You see," I said, "to make my request persuasive I should tell you that my wife, being a physicist, acts as my scientific secretary, taking care of papers, notes, etc. So I cannot attend a large congress like that without her help. But this is not true. The truth is that she never has been abroad. After taking her to Brussels, I want to take her to Paris to see the Louvre, the Folies-Bergère, etc., and to do some shopping."

Molotov smiled, made a note on his pad, and told me to come back a week or so before I would have to leave Russia, adding, "I don't think this would be difficult to manage."

I departed from the Kremlin dancing. Childish though it was, I stopped in a store where pictures of public figures were sold and bought a framed portrait of Molotov to hang over my desk.

When I returned to Moscow in October I was met by an official from the Secretariat who told me that my case

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had been considered and decided. I had better go to Brussels alone.

"But Comrade Molotov told me that this could easily be arranged," I protested. "Why the change?"

"If we let your wife go with you to the Congress," he explained, "it will establish a precedent, and wives of all the other scientists would want to go along with their husbands, too."

"But Comrade Molotov. . . ." I began again. "May I talk to him?"

"No, he is on vacation in Southeast Asia, hunting tigers. You had better go to the passport office, and get all the necessary documents."

"No," I said, "I will not. I am not going to Brussels."

"But you *have* to go; you are the representative of the Soviet Union."

"You can send me as far as the Soviet border under guard," I said, "but the guards will not be permitted to escort me to Brussels and force me to take my seat in the Congress hall."

I turned on my heels and went out.

I stayed in Moscow after that, awaiting arrest. The very next day the telephone rang. It was somebody from the passport office informing me that I should come to pick up my passport.

"Is the second passport ready, too?" I asked.

"No, only one."

"Then please telephone me when both passports are ready. Why should I walk to your office twice?"

The next day and the day after, the same telephone conversation took place. On the fourth day, the voice on the telephone informed me that both passports were ready. And, indeed, they were!

I took the overnight train to Leningrad and next morning visited the Finnish and Danish consulates to obtain transit visas. Then we left for Helsinki on the way to Copenhagen and Brussels.

After the thirteenth Solvay Congress ended, I wrote a letter from Brussels to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor asking whether an invitation I had received to the summer school there in 1932 but could not then accept might be renewed for the summer of 1934. When the Solvay Congress was over and most of its delegates moved to Paris "to have some rest," I got an answer from Michigan. The invitation was still open.

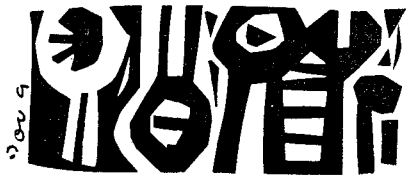
The problem now was how to live through the winter. I talked to Bohr about it.

"But Gamow," he said, "you cannot do this. You have to go back to Russia."

He then told me how my "miraculous" exit from the U.S.S.R. had been organized. Bohr, being worried about my detention in Russia and being sure that a mere invitation to attend the Congress would not help me get a passport, had turned for help to Professor Paul Langevin, a famous French physicist who was serving as chairman (on the French side) of the Franco-Russian Scientific Cooperation Committee. At that same time Langevin was a member of the permanent committee that organized the Solvay congresses. Instead of sending the Solvay invitation to me, as he normally would have done, he wrote directly to Moscow asking that I be appointed as a delegate.

"You have to go home, Gamow," argued Bohr, "because Langevin did all this at my request."

I felt terrible. Of course, I was obligated to Langevin by that good French expression: *noblesse oblige*. My pass-



port had been arranged by Bohr through Langevin. But I had arranged my wife's passport all by myself!

Rno and I were expected for dinner at the home of Madame Curie. Sitting next to her at the table, I told her my troubles.

"*Bien*," she said, "I will talk to Langevin tomorrow."

After receiving Madame Curie's reassurance, I started telling the people at the table—among them Irene and Fred Joliot-Curie, Francis Perrin, and a few other French physicists—about German student fraternity customs I had learned about while spending the summer in Göttingen. In order to enter a fraternity, the candidate had to do some public stunt. A favorite choice was to kiss a bronze statue of a peasant maiden in the fountain at the Göttingen market place. There was always a *Schutzmann* on duty there. To distract his attention from the fountain while the stunt was performed, a pair of accomplices used to stage a fistfight at the far corner of the square. Since the bronze peasant maiden held a big jug under one arm and a goose under the other, and since water flowed freely from both, the student who passed the test used to come out wet even if he managed to escape arrest.

I was telling my story in French. When I reached the point of saying that the boy had "to kiss" the bronze maiden, I assumed that the verb "to kiss" is derived from the noun "a kiss." Since I knew that French for "a kiss" is *un baiser*, I thought that the verb would be *baiser*. Little did I know that in the long history of the French language the verb *baiser* had become a description of a far more intimate relationship between a man and a woman. In modern French, in speaking about kissing, one must use the verb *embrasser*.

When I said that "*le garçon doit baiser la jeune fille*," silence fell over the dining table. Then Fred Joliot remarked: "*Ah! ça serait très difficile!*" and everybody broke into laughter.

But my heart was heavy, and all I could think about was the conversation due to take place the next morning between Madame Curie and Pierre Langevin. My depression continued while I sat in the library of the Sorbonne's Pierre Curie Institute (of which Madame Curie was a director) next day. Finally Madame Curie came in.

"Gamow," she said, putting her hand on my shoulder, "I have talked to Langevin. You may stay here."

Later I heard rumors that my decision not to return home to Russia resulted in the detention in Russia of Peter Kapitza. This is definitely not true. The roots of Kapitza's detention during his visit to Russia in 1934 went much further back in time.

Kapitza originally left Russia as an inconspicuous young physicist. He had become noted for his work at Cambridge, and ever since then the Soviet government had wanted him back. When, after a long stay in England, he first returned to Russia by invitation of the Soviet government, Ernest Lord Rutherford wrote, as a precautionary measure, to the Soviet Ambassador to the Court of St. James's asking for assurance that Kapitza would be back in Cambridge "by September of this year." The assurance was given. Kapitza came back to Cambridge on the dot. The same procedure was followed for all Kapitza's subsequent visits to Russia except the last one. In that last instance, Kapitza told Rutherford that a "letter of guarantee" was not needed; Kapitza was quite sure he would not be detained in the Soviet Union.

That time, Kapitza went to Russia with his wife, his car, and great vacation plans, but without the "guarantee." He was denied permission to return to Cambridge in October 1934, just after I arrived in Washington, D.C. The University of Michigan summer session had ended, and I had accepted a post as visiting professor at George Washington University. I registered as a Soviet citizen in the Consulate at Washington and applied for continuation of my passport until the following summer. During that winter, Rho and I kept up contact with the Consulate and even went to movies with some of its staff members, joining them in criticism of the Hollywood productions. The detention of Kapitza in the Soviet Union strengthened my decision not to return to Leningrad.

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A New Rationale for Science

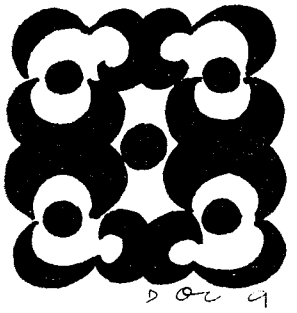
by A. HUNTER DUPREE

My position and experience as a historian have brought me repeatedly to consider the problem of central scientific organization in the United States government, but always from a vantage point outside the scientific community. Scientists are to me fellow scholars and fellow faculty members, but the scientific community as it has functioned in the United States over the past thirty years has been for me the subject of historical investigation rather than a group to which I have belonged. My loyalty, therefore, dictates an analysis of the scientific community rather than a defense of it.

That science has a role in the attainment of national goals in the United States is no recent aberration. Science and nationalism have grown up together over the last two centuries, and the institutions of American democracy, including those responsible for providing national security, have both used science and supported it continuously from the writing of the Constitution to the present.

Such a statement will undoubtedly displease two major groups in our society. One of these—the scientific community—likes to think of itself as completely international and removed from any allegiance to goals set externally to themselves. The other major group that can have no use for the full government-science partnership in the American nation is the New Left. The New Leftists can see no further than the phrase "military-industrial complex," and they condemn it out of hand. To them, any connection between science and government means tainting a pure activity with complicity in killing. That the partnership is built on deep traditions in American democracy seems to them irrelevant.

Recent observers such as Alvin Weinberg (director of the Atomic Energy Commission's Oak Ridge Laboratory) have opened a continuing discussion of scientific choice as a necessary



prelude to the allocation of scarce resources for research. Weinberg's scientific, technological, and social criteria presumably come into play only when the money gets scarce, which to him meant in the decade of the Sixties. Yet, at no time in American history has the resource allocation for research had an infinite reservoir; scientific choices on scientific, technological, and social criteria were being made long before the vocabulary was invented.

No better example of the exercise of scientific choice exists than the series of decisions made by Vannevar Bush and James B. Conant and colleagues just before and after the then President Franklin D. Roosevelt created the Office of Scientific Research and Development in their charge in 1940 and 1941. They decided to go for the exploitation of electronics and nuclear fission. At least by implication, they decided not to go for jet aircraft and rockets. They also decided to bypass overall responsibility for scientific choice so that they could concentrate on weapons of possible use in World War II. Hence, Bush-Conant and Company temporarily set aside the goals of a more efficient industry and a brighter future for the people as a whole. Likewise de-emphasized was pursuit of basic research because it did not contribute to the then-present conflict. Full priority was given instead to the crucial period beyond which might be no tomorrow.

Having made this set of choices, the leaders set up a flexible system by which they tied those laboratories useful to their projects, both in the universities and in industry, to personally chosen teams of individual scientists. The institutions of peacetime were left intact, but were tied together by the newly designed instrument of the research contract.

The results of the OSRD system spoke for themselves at the end of the war. Public and scientists agreed in accepting the proposition that a New World had dawned with the mushroom cloud. After brooding during their confinement over being the only humans who understood what had happened within the confines of the Manhattan Project, the physicists sallied forth from the laboratories to tell the world in 1945 and 1946 of the scientific revolution that had taken place. The story they had to tell was uniquely dramatic, but they missed the point that there actually had been no revolution at all.

The truth was that the leaders of the scientific community had grafted an open-ended and pluralistic system of science support onto the American political system without disturbing a single major institution in the century-and-a-half-old American republic. The American Presidency had gained a vast new power to accomplish the purposes of the nation. The Congress, though left out during the war years, understood the process well enough to appropriate more money for scientific research than any other legislative body had appropriated in history. The scientists, rather than returning to penurious freedom, took the large sums of money entrusted to them and built a research establishment transcending anything that Europe or ancient Islam had ever produced. The government largely left control of the decisions of scientific choice in the hands of the scientists themselves. What seemed to be decision by government was usually decision by scientists organized on disciplinary lines and speaking for government agencies.

The research contract, developed by OSRD and applied in the postwar world to both universities and industry, opened the way for a federalism-by-contract in which the barrier between the public and private sectors of the nation was significantly altered to the advantage of both. Scientists could work for universities on public problems. Decisions historically reserved for governments alone were put out by contract to nongovernmental institutions. The contract—seen by liberals of the late nineteenth century as a subverter of the public interest—became a means of bringing the leverage of intellectual power (formerly available only outside government) to

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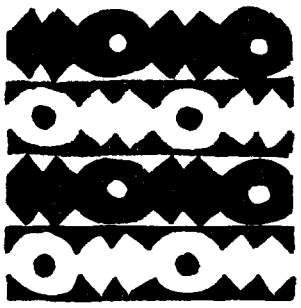
bear on those public issues with which the government had to cope.

A socialist revolution that had accomplished half this much would by now be more famous than the October Revolution of 1917, and easily explainable in a few catch phrases such as revolutions have always provided for the interpretations of their histories. But the nonrevolutionary change that actually occurred is infinitely hard to explain.

Scientists of the post-World War II period knew that the nonrevolution, which made the new age of science possible, rendered a return to the 1930s impossible. They also knew that science itself (with its long traditions and ways of proceeding known only within itself) had changed little, but that the scale on which they now felt able to operate had changed greatly. In 1945 and 1946, they became active politically for the purpose of educating the American people in the facts of atomic energy, but they quickly learned that they did not need to go into the general political arena permanently to make their system of science support operate. Therefore, they withdrew from macropolitics and concentrated on making the interrelated system work to their own advantage. They were firmly convinced that their advantage was also the advantage of science. Many of their leaders deeply believed they could serve science and the nation simultaneously. The substantive research results of the postwar era abundantly bear them out.

The interrelated system had three main parts. First, the government, which provided the financing and presided over the decision-making process. Second, the universities, which provided the scientists and upgraded their research facilities. Third, that segment of industry which, dependent on the government as a customer for sophisticated military devices, adopted a government-financed research way of proceeding. (Most of the industry that produces consumer goods lay outside the umbra of the research contract and the interrelated system.)

The scientific community and the government learned to live together in this three-part system, but because no revolutionary slogans were available they could not describe it to the American people or even to themselves in realistic terms. Therefore, what was really one system seemingly broke into two component parts: 1) basic research, which had as its definitional principle the proposition that its results were not useful, and 2) the military-industrial complex—the term that had as its definitional principle the proposition that the military security of the nation depended on research. The record is abundantly clear that the scientific community accepted responsibility for both components. Indeed, the arguments for basic research were developed to their highest degree of sophistication within the military departments. Scientists who argued for the freedom and support of basic research did so essentially with the added understanding that some time in the future the free research would pay off exponentially in terms of national security and welfare. J. Robert Oppenheimer put in an appearance at the first appropriations hearing for the National Science Foundation not as a physicist, nor as a troubled seer, but as a military expert.



The true meaning of basic research in the interrelated system was thus not its lack of connection with military goals but the government's respect for and need for scientists as generators of scientific choice in the university setting. The motto of the National Science Foundation in its early years might well have been: *Not the government, nor the NSF, but the scientists themselves make science policy.*

The dogma of basic research served well as a national science policy for many years and would perhaps have continued to serve if the Cold War had not imposed external criteria on the military component of the system. Basic research and science-originated priorities failed to answer the imperatives of practical problems. Both the peril and the hope of nuclear energy lay essentially with those members of the scientific community in good standing who lived, moved, and had their being in the national laboratories and installations of the AEC. Basic research as a national policy also had no place for those German rocketry enthusiasts whom the military brought to the United States after the war. These newcomers did not fit the stereotype of the prewar refugee scientist; indeed, they represented the reverse of the scientific choice that the Allied leaders at the war's beginning had made for the atom and against the rocket.

The external criteria of the 1950s called for the H-bomb and an intercontinental ballistic missile. The choices of the Soviets played a reciprocal role in the American choices, so that by the end of the Fifties the commitment to an H-bomb arsenal, a missile delivery system, and the penetration of space were settled national goals. Whether or not the choices were "correct" in an absolute sense is impossible to determine. Yet, the serious differences of opinion within the scientific community and also within the military component of the interrelated system almost never had as their issue the validity of the system itself. The scientific community, whatever misgivings it might have had about some choices in weaponry, had its attention more than occupied in solidifying and making permanent the basic research component of the system. Not only the coming of age of the National Science Foundation and the National Institutes of Health signalized the decade, but in each of the armed services little NSFs devoted to basic research—Office of Naval Research, Army Research Office, and Air Force Scientific Offices—maintained themselves and gave investigators in the universities a wide variety of choice.

In the 1960s, the subtle balance between basic research and the military involved recognition of the scientific community's commitment to the national security goal of the government. The threat to entrap the universities into short-run military missions, however, was to be kept in check not by an established ceiling on the military component but by using military response to the Missile Age as a lever for increased basic research. Far from being helpless and pure, basic research became the beneficiary of a surge in support for science that has few parallels. This rise to opulence indicates that the appeal for support for science in the early 1960s was the most successful in our history. Again, however, the fundamental elements of the system were so obscure that they could be explained neither to the scientists nor to the American people. Indeed, too clear a statement of the workings of the system made the leaders of the scientific community and politicians alike uncomfortable.

The delicate balance between the military component and basic research might have continued to produce increasing support for science and technology in an exponentially increasing scale throughout the Sixties. Most criticisms of the system in the mid-1960s were rather superficial. Although Congress was occasionally restive, many individual members were actually part of the system through their service on congressional committees. Although small universities griped, they really

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wished to become big universities. Although several science administrators and many scientists had doubts about manned space exploration, they shrugged and allowed the choice of a manned landing on the moon to be made without a fight if not without a whimper. The scientific community could not maintain the balance of the system and at the same time make a serious and public attack on any part of it.

Then came a series of four shocks:

• The rise of the existentialist university, and those affected by the whole outlook of the New Left. They did not care to understand the balances and compromises of the system, and made no bones about attacking the military-industrial component with tactics deliberately designed less to affect a particular choice than to question the whole system of making choices. Their concern over the military-industrial complex led to a wide questioning of the role of government in American society. The new-style revolution is aimed at the organizational and communications networks rather than at economic control and is not even designed to win completely. Thus, it can support an idealized version of research tightly controlled for short-run social and political ends determined by charismatic processes within dissident movements, and at the same time hope to enjoy the level of support for basic research attained by the old system.

• The second shock has been the beginning of the realization of one of the oldest dreams of science—an international community. This came about, however, not because nationalism fell away from the support system we have just described. Rather, the American national system has become worldwide in its operations. The great scientific agencies of the government have foreign policies and state departments of their own.

• The third shock to the old system has been a violent perturbation in the area of social science. In the 1940s, the social sciences could not absorb large sums of money, and could not produce large results. Hence, the leaders of the scientific community could pass over the problem silently, and the social scientists had enough sense not to demand support beyond their power of delivery. In the 1960s, the scientific horizons of the social sciences expanded considerably, not necessarily in step, however, with the explosive demands made under the heading of external criteria.

• The fourth shock arises from the complete confusion into which the discussion of the place of the military in American life has sunk. Vietnam has revived images that make warfare appear as it did before World War I—incompatible with the high tradition of science. Yet, the necessity of maintaining a world balance of nuclear power still remains.

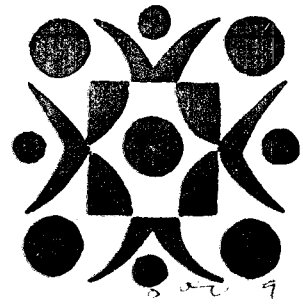
The only access to the problems, much less to the answers, lies through a massive research effort maintained permanently at a high level both of quantity of support and of intellectual distinction. The metaphor of battle no longer signifies adequately the institutions associated with war. The word "military" has come to refer not only to a system of force but to systems of information and education; it describes a set of social institutions whose structure is parallel to that of the society whence they emerge. As such, the military dimension remains a challenge to the whole scientific community at the furthest stretch of capability. No more important problem faces the science policy machinery of the government than a reappraisal of the line between military- and civilian-supported research, and a movement of many scientific activities now supported by the Department of Defense is desirable. But to propose that research funds be withdrawn from the military and transferred in straight-line fashion to pressing social problems is to misunderstand both the scope of military research and the nature of science.

Hence, on the government side of the partnership, the problem is not to make a paper reorganization, to create a Department of Science, or to disturb the functioning of the science advisory complex within the White House and the executive office of the President. It is rather to provide a comprehensive rationale by which the government can continue to support free science in the universities and wherever else it can find an institutional home.

Any new arrangement must improve on the position of the NSF in the following respects:

1) It must emphasize the chain of connections, and not the disconnections, between long-range basic research and applied science generally, in the interest both of national security and of alleviation of social and medical problems besetting mankind. The National Institutes of Health have on this count earned the prototype position for a National Institute of Research and Advanced Studies.

2) The new arrangement must take into account the humanities and social sciences as well as the physical and biological sciences. The fields conventionally outside the definition of science must be included, and must partake of the same rationale as makes government support of any kind of science possible.



3) The new arrangement must recognize the connection of research and education in all fields more effectively than any present agency. It is all too possible to conceive of a divorce between research and university education, with high-level scholarship retreating into protected research institutes, and with higher education becoming a kind of indoctrination into a permissive and disorganized life for the students.

4) The new arrangement must not be utterly dependent on the universities for the performance of research. Without abandoning university research, the government must be able to shift activities out of the university orbit when they can be better done elsewhere.

The NIRAS model has more features to commend it and fewer serious flaws than any scheme of centralization put forward in recent years. Some questions remain with answers unclear; for instance: How would large fragments of the AEC be digested while NASA remained intact on the outside? Yet, these important questions can be ironed out. The crucial ingredient would be the policy-planning capability available to the administrator. To develop it would not be easy. To fail to develop it would leave NIRAS a paper organization.

Instruction may be found in the nonrevolutionary origin of the government-science partnership. It grew up as an adaptation to American democracy. If, in changing, it remains adapted to American democracy in-the-large, the resulting system can at the same time be respectful of the scientific community and responsive to the needs of society. Internal criteria for choice can be applied by scientists who are in a position to judge their own problems and opportunities, but the best source for external criteria for scientific choice still remains the democratic institutions of American society.

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Science Letters

Wrong Seasoning

LIKE good old Homer, even *SR* sometimes nods.

In your January 10 issue, on page 101, you have the vernal equinox sunrise usurping the position of the summer solstice sunrise at Stonehenge.

At Stonehenge only three arches adjacent to each other and having lintels remain standing today. It is through the center arch of this trio that the sun rises on Midsummer Day.

The vernal equinox sunrise, as well as the autumnal equinox sunrise, takes place some 38 degrees east of this position, i.e., to the right in your photograph.

RICHARD D. SPOHN, S. J.,
Saint Ignatius College Preparatory,
San Francisco, Calif.

Last of the "Ra"?

AFTER belatedly reading Thor Heyerdahl's article "What Happened to the *Ra*?" [*SR*, Dec. 6, 1969] and Miss Hays Barber's letter to the science editor [*SR*, Jan. 10], I am sure my nine-year-old daughter and I found a piece of the *Ra* on South Padre Island sometime during the week after Christmas, in the same area as Miss Barber's find.

We observed this unusual piece of beach debris—a bundle of reed- or bamboo-like sticks lashed together in some way and entangled in seaweed.

I can pinpoint the location. It was at the foot of the beach side of the sand dunes south of El Padre Motel.

I imagine our "bundle of sticks" would still be there now unless recent winds have blown it about or covered it with sand.

My eleven-year-old claims that she found something similar near the Gulf's edge about five miles north on Padre, in Andy Bowie Park.

I'd like to know how this comes out.

JOAN BENNETT,
Shawnee Mission, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The information is being passed along to Thor Heyerdahl, who already has received Miss Barber's letter.*

Wrong Again!

SR'S SCIENCE EDITOR was wrong once again when he tried to clarify an error he had made in discussing the definition of a hurricane [LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR, Dec. 6].

There is no such thing as "sixty-four knots per hour . . ." in the sense he intended. A knot, defined as one nautical mile (1.15 times a statute mile) per hour, is by definition a measure of velocity.

DONALD BANZHAF,
U.S. Coast Guard,
Miami Beach, Fla.

Frontier Freedoms and Space Age Cities

Continued from page 19

> all the perils incident to his vocation—when he has toiled for months to add by his honest labor to the comfort of his fellow men, and to the aggregate wealth of the nation, he finds himself suddenly in the clutches of the law for trespassing on the public domain. The proceeds of his long winter's work are reft from him, and exposed to public sale for the benefit of his paternal government . . . and the object of this oppression and wrong is further harassed by vexatious law proceedings against him.

As evidence that praise for timber thieves was eminently respectable, Frederick Jackson Turner cites the lack of protest from other Congressmen and the subsequent success of Delegate Sibley. He became Minnesota's first governor, a regent of its university, president of its historical society, and a doctor of laws from Princeton University—an exquisitely polished pillar of society. Commenting, Turner concludes, "Thus many of the pioneers, following the ideal of the right of the individual to rise, subordinated the rights of the nation and posterity to the desire that the country should be 'developed' and that the individual should advance with as little interference as possible. Squatter doctrines and individualism have left deep traces upon American conceptions."

Today, well over half a century since Turner wrote this passage, those "traces" remain disgracefully deep. Contemporary industrial polluters, who recklessly poison the nation's air and water, secretly agree with Delegate Sibley, but they can no longer openly defend lawbreaking without staining their image. The contemptuous, plundering spirit of nineteenth-century capitalism lives on today in industrial polluters, highway-building lobbyists, land speculators, slumlords, and investment builders. Unlike the Swedes, who have accepted city planning and public land controls for centuries, we subsidize the destruction of our urban environment. That is why

our disordered, traffic-plagued metropolises are such a contrast to Stockholm's well-planned open spaces and its coordinated rapid transit system.

More than any major American city, Los Angeles illustrates the ludicrous conflict between frontier mythology and contemporary reality. The frontier mystique survives in almost pristine purity in America's Southwest. As described by the late Christopher Rand in his book *Los Angeles: The Ultimate City*, the "short-range jet set," shuttling between the southern California beaches and the Texas oil fields, lives a luxurious imitation of frontier life — camping, hunting, fishing, and ranching. Inspired by such political heroes as Governor Ronald Reagan and Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater, Los Angeles's make-believe frontiersmen still preach laissez-faire, rugged individualism, despite their city's desperate economic dependence on federal arms contracts.

More ominous for their city's future, these latter-day Babbitts cheer growth while still preaching the provincial frontier virtues that obstruct Los Angeles's orderly transition into a supermetropolis. Before the year 2000, the Los Angeles region's projected thirty-two-million population should overtake New York as the nation's largest urbanized area. Yet, the transplanted, small-town Midwesterners who have dominated Los Angeles's stream of immigrants have never really accepted their new home as a city.

Los Angeles's physical form conveys the paradox of small-town people congregating in a big city. Its sprawling, unplanned development, a product of the city's extreme laissez-faire frontier tradition, has spawned a host of social ills. Unlike New York police, patrolling beats on foot, Los Angeles's officers patrol the city's sprawling precincts in radio cars, remote and alienated from its citizens. With its characteristic contempt for public services, Los Angeles long ago taxed rail transit service to death to build competing highways. Having abandoned the rail network, which could have promoted orderly development and conserved open space, the city delivered itself almost totally to the cult of the automobile, thereby encouraging sprawl. Commuters forced to drive in the frenzied traffic made Los Angeles the photochemical smog capital of the world. The lack of public transportation also aggravates the isolation of the Watts ghetto, severely limiting access to the city's widely scattered centers of employment.

Los Angeles's obsession with the private side of life is expressed in other ways. Its zoning ordinances favor the single-family house as the most morally exalted form of human habitation,

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isolated from corrupting contact with residential apartments or commercial development. This policy promotes a more rigorous racial segregation than could possibly be achieved in a city such as New York, with its greater mingling of land uses and its greater reliance on public facilities.

The City of the Angels has squandered countless opportunities to build public parks and preserve open space; despite the unequaled resource of twenty-five square miles of wild land within its city limits, Los Angeles has no counterpart to New York's Central Park or San Francisco's equally remarkable Golden Gate Park.

The private developers' bulldozed desecration of the Santa Monica Mountains recalls the depredations of the nineteenth-century miners, who washed away hillsides, silted streams, and ruined fertile valleys in their frantic search for gold. The conservationists' failure to preserve these mountains for public use is another reminder of Los Angeles's frontier ethos. Los Angeles land speculators pursue their frantic quest for private wealth in a desert of public poverty.

The throat-catching rhetoric of frontier freedom still stirs Americans, but at best the frontier ethic was only a partially valid response to the challenge of the wilderness. It has lasted at least a century past its time, and, viewed in retrospect, many of its values appear corrupt. Our nineteenth-century tradition of destroying our own natural environment doubtless helps anesthetize us to American atrocities against nature in Vietnam, where massive jungle defoliation and crop poisoning may inflict permanent ecological damage. And our casual slaughter of Vietnamese villagers may be a contemporary version of frontier barbarism, which viewed the annihilation of animal herds and Indians as totally just sacrifices to the white man's superior power.

Today, even in its less objectionable aspects, the anarchic individualism of the frontier is as outmoded as the prairie schooner. What has survived is not true rugged individualism, but its ugly residue—the obsession with private over public goods. To accommodate 100 million additional Americans destined to descend on our cities and suburbs over the next three decades, we must reject the insipid dream of a tamed frontier transformed into a semirural, suburban Arcadia. There is no place to hide from the stark realities of our crowded, city-centered society with its inevitable frictions, conflict, and turmoil. As pioneers on the urban frontier, can we outgrow the values of our rural ancestors and adapt to civilized urban life?

Intervention

Continued from page 34

concept of 'free play of forces' as a characteristic form of the socialist state"—something that was incompatible with the dogma (and vested interests) of communist control. And Soviet behavior since the invasion has shown a continuing concern precisely with such political—rather than strategic or economic—issues.

This whole complex of issues does not come across in Isaac Don Levine's account. He does a good job, however, in showing how Moscow tried—in vain—to use the Warsaw Pact forces to intimidate the leadership in Prague. He also correctly suggests that the Soviet policy-makers underestimated the political costs of intervention (though he in turn may be exaggerating the extent to which, for Moscow, it was a "blunder"). Unfortunately, the reader is often unable to distinguish in this account between solid fact and tenuous speculation. Thus, Mr. Levine boldly reaches the "inexorable conclusion" that "the invasion was the fruit of a conspiracy within a conspiracy"—in substance, Soviet intelligence concocting phoney evidence of West German aggressive designs, ostensibly used by the Soviet military to force the hand of the vacillating Politburo. He insists that the "red hawks" were prepared to oust Kosygin and Brezhnev if they failed to intervene in Prague—at best a speculative assertion.

No less dubious is Levine's attempt to link the Czech events to the Sino-Soviet border clashes of March 1969. In an elaborate argument, the Chinese action emerges as an effort to thwart further Soviet moves in Eastern Europe, for instance against Rumania. (In a misreading of both the Soviet and the Chinese scenes, he even claims that the militancy and militarization of the Chinese leadership in 1969 were "in part" due to the alleged "rise of the military faction within the Soviet oligarchy.")

Finally, Levine's forecast that the Soviet leadership may fall to a "junta of outright aggression" is scarcely justified by the commitment of the present régime to reimpose tighter controls at home and abroad.

Unfortunately, the author's views in this readable, snappy, journalistic, if at times overwritten account are frequently offered as undisputed facts, while other lines of analysis are all too often ignored.

Alexander Dallin

Alexander Dallin is professor of international relations at The Russian Institute of Columbia University.

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(Continued on page 64)

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 63)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1870

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Owen Davis play that won the Pulitzer Prize in 1923	6 32 42 104 128 154 173 176
B. Author (1674-1718) of "The Fair Penitent"	188 10 21 30
C. Capricious or erratic action	70 80 97 114 121 142
D. 3 wds. after *The.* Thornton Wilder play	197 202 204 215 26 48 60 67 99 152 158
E. Keep alive; promote	175 39 105 125 137 143 181
F. It probably goes to Easy Street (2 wds.)	212 16 22 93 160 1 29 45 63 76
G. Fever pitch (2 wds.)	203 2 18 28 34 55 61 75 81
H. Just for laughs (3 wds.)	92 146 207 216 37 132 164 179
I. Cord worn around the neck for suspending something	46 98 118 20 24 66 88
J. Port	136 153 170 189 49 117 133 183
K. After *The:* play by Aristophanes	200 44 91 140 195 211 213 12 41 58
L. Tropical woody vine having pods covered with hairs that cause severe itching	102 108 40 53 72 83
M. Typify	95 85 122 157 163 193 208 116 126
N. "The lamentable change is from ——," says Edgar. (2 wds., "King Lear")	161 4 87 13 56 79 89
O. Author of "Roderick Hudson" (full name)	111 120 184 196 43 177 31 84 130 149
P. Extremely delicate or refined	151 167 8 65 100 123 169 74
Q. Cut down or hewed (a tree) close to the ground	119 168 15 25 138 145 35
R. Sufficiently; passably	78 192 134 109 165 144
S. Expressive of a wish or desire	147 59 64 71 129 156
T. Complicated; brought into discord	180 127 150 205 90 101 62 185 199
U. Italian chemist, winner of the Novel prize for chemistry, 1963	51 172 9 19 194
V. Drama by Euripides	135 187 17 190 174
W. Rails, protests strongly	47 57 209 5 73 110 162 124
X. Klansmen	217 52 7 33 82 68 36 38 94 106 155
Y. Smaller than normal	27 214 131 3 115 14 210 171 103 96
Z. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos (2 wds.)	113 166 148 11 178 77 159 112
Z^1 Wandering	206 50 107 182 201 86 141 69
Z^2 Turn aside	23 54 191 139 186 198

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 F	2 G	3 Y		4 N	5 W	6 A	7 X	8 P	9 U		10 B		
11 Z		12 K	13 N	14 Y	15 Q	16 F	17 V	18 G	19 U	20 I		21 B	22 F	23 Z^2		24 I	25 Q		
26 D	27 Y	28 G		29 F	30 B	31 O	32 A	33 X	34 G	35 Q		36 X	37 H		38 X	39 E	40 L		
41 K	42 A	43 O		44 K	45 F	46 I	47 W	48 D	49 J	50 Z^1	51 U	52 X	53 L		54 Z^2	55 G	56 N		
57 W		58 K	59 S	60 D	61 G		62 T	63 F	64 S	65 P	66 I	67 D	68 X	69 Z^1		70 C	71 S		
72 L	73 W	74 P	75 G	76 F	77 Z	78 R	79 N		80 C	81 G	82 X	83 L	84 O	85 M	86 Z^1	87 N	88 I		
	89 N	90 T		91 K	92 H	93 F	94 X		95 M	96 Y	97 C	98 I	99 D		100 P	101 T	102 L		
103 Y		104 A	105 E	106 X	107 Z^1	108 L	109 R	110 W	111 O	112 Z		113 Z	114 C	115 Y	116 M	117 J	118 I		
	119 Q	120 O	121 C	122 M	123 P	124 W		125 E	126 M	127 T	128 A	129 S	130 O	131 Y		132 H	133 J		
134 R	135 V		136 J	137 E	138 Q	139 Z^2	140 K	141 Z^1	142 C		143 E	144 R	145 Q	146 H	147 S	148 Z	149 O		
	150 T	151 P	152 D	153 J	154 A	155 X	156 S		157 M	158 D	159 Z	160 F		161 N	162 W	163 M	164 H		
165 R	166 Z	167 P		168 Q	169 P	170 J	171 Y	172 U	173 A		174 V	175 E	176 A		177 O	178 Z	179 H		
180 T		181 E	182 Z^1	183 J		184 O	185 T	186 Z^2	187 V	188 B		189 J	190 V	191 Z^2	192 R		193 M		
194 U	195 K	196 O	197 D	198 Z^2	199 T		200 K	201 Z^1	202 D		203 G	204 D	205 T	206 Z^1		207 H	208 M		
209 W	210 Y	211 K	212 F		213 K	214 Y		215 D	216 H	217 X									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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JAL

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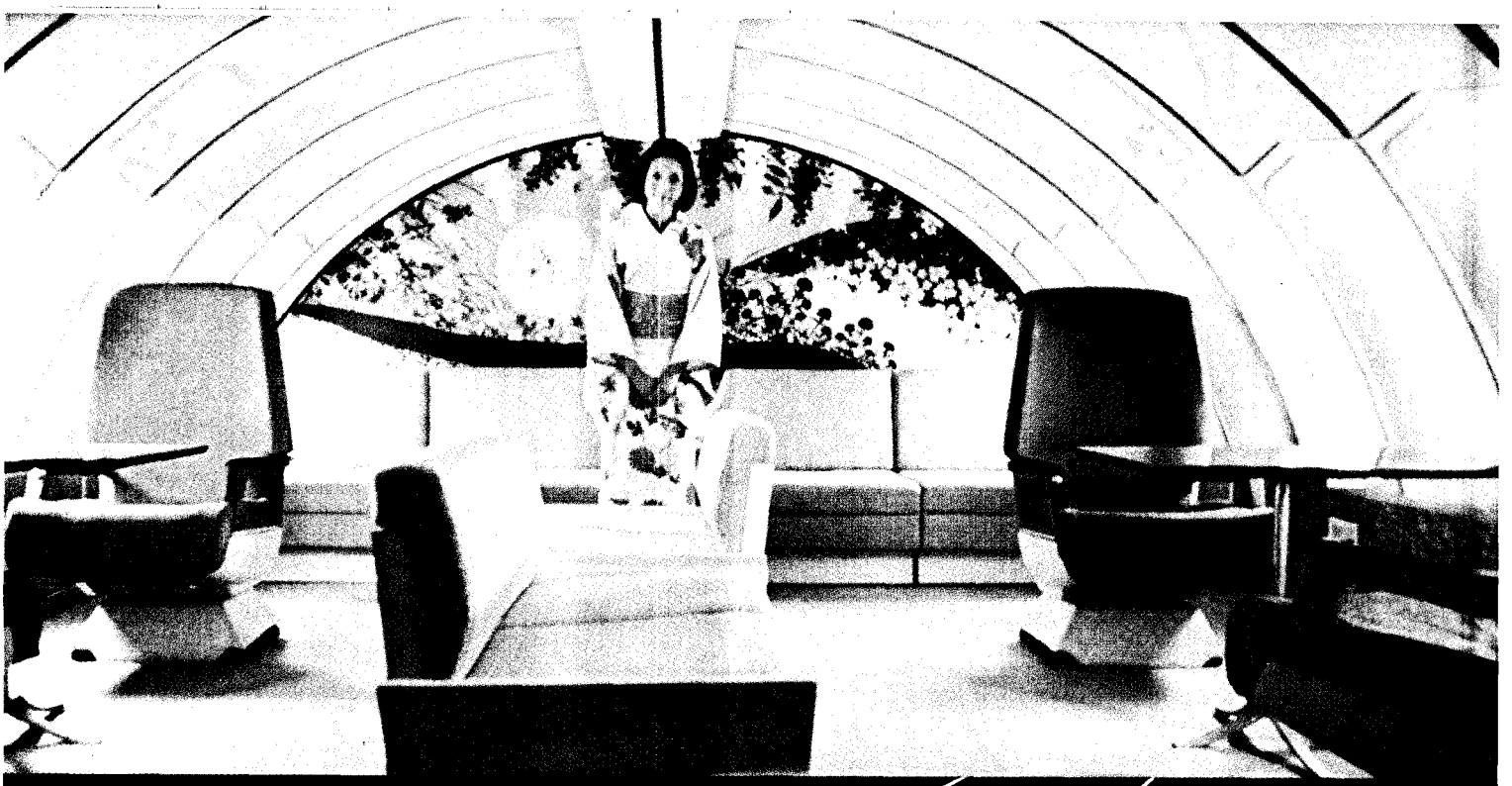

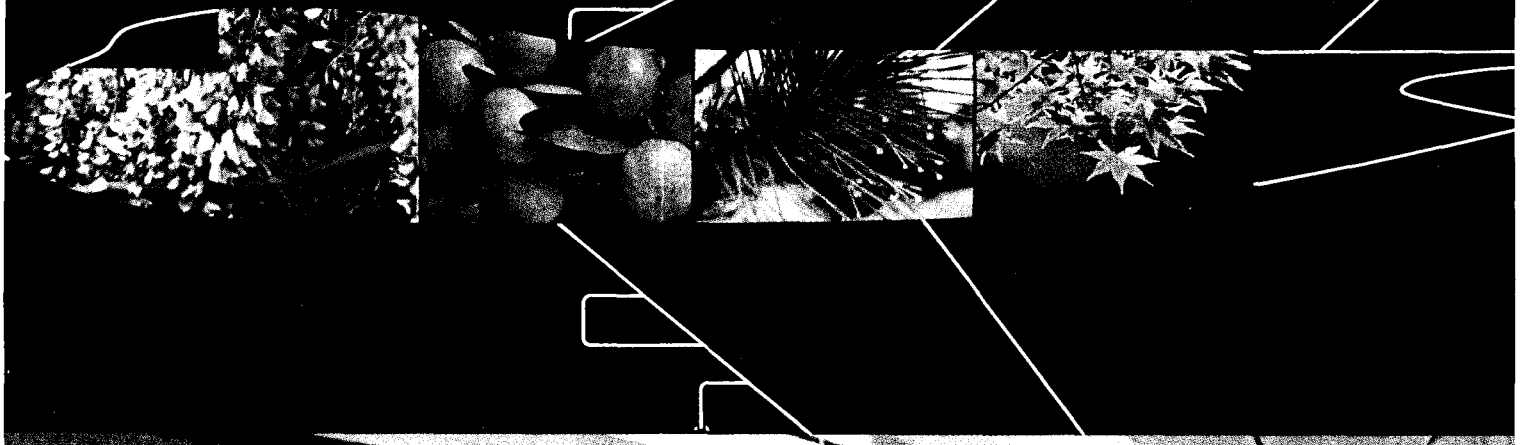

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Maybe.

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